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The Week

NO VOTE was taken at the end of last Monday's debate on India in the House of Commons; but if it had been, there is no doubt that the MacDonald government would have been overwhelmingly sustained. It is hard to see how the defense of its Indian policy differed from that which might have been made by any Liberal, or even Tory, regime. Wedgwood Benn, speaking for the government, insisted that India is not in revolt and that the troubles are local and unimportant. He recited numerous figures about her trade, tending to show prosperity, and cited the fact that Indian bonds are higher today on the London Stock Exchange than they were on January first. The tone of his speech was not unexpected, in view of the recent actions of the government; but thousands of Americans who have been admirers of Mr. MacDonald and his group will continue to feel that a far more generous and conciliatory policy was to be expected, and would have had better results. Though nearly all the important Indian leaders, including Mr. Gandhi and Mrs. Naidu, are now in prison, violence continues on an increasing scale. The number of killed is rapidly mounting into the hundreds, the great majority of whom are Indians shot by police. Mr. Benn will never persuade disinterested persons that conditions described in last week's New Republic by Mr. Parulekar are fairly described as "sporadic anarchy."

THE government is pinning all its hopes on the round-table conference which will meet in London on October 20 next; but it is by no means sure that the Indians who will attend that conference will speak for more than a negligible minority of their fellows. Meanwhile, in an important interview with Mr. George Slocombe, correspondent of the British Labor newspaper, The London Herald, Mr. Gandhi has outlined the terms on which he is now willing to endorse the conference and recommend to the Indian National Congress the suspension of the civil-disobedience movement. These terms are:

> (1) The terms of reference to the round-table conference shall include the framing of a constitution giving India the substance of independence.
>
> (2) Satisfaction shall be granted to Mr. Gandhi's demands for the repeal of the salt tax, for the prohibition of liquor and for a ban on foreign cloth.
>
> (3) Amnesty shall be accorded to prisoners convicted of political offenses, to coincide with the end of the civil-disobedience campaign.
>
> (4) The remaining seven points raised in Mr. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy shall be left for future discussion.

In conversation with Mr. Slocombe, Mr. Gandhi stated that a Dominion status like that of Canada would fulfill his definition of "the substance of independence." We think our readers will agree that his terms are reasonable and, in view of the conditions under which he puts them forth, statesmanlike to the last degree. It takes a great human being to speak in quiet tones with the roar of the mob in his ears. If these terms are not accepted by the MacDonald government as the basis for the coming conference, it will put itself under suspicion of betraying its most important principles for the sake of remaining in power.

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IN THE first district in New York City concerning which figures are available, the Census Bureau reports 4.7 percent of the total population out of jobs. This district, the Census states, is fairly representative of the city. If that is so, the total number of unemployed in the metropolis was over 280,000. If the same proportion obtained in the country as a whole, it would be 5,640,000—a larger figure than the most extreme estimate for this depression, and a larger one than will probably be found in the final figures, due to the greater concentration of unemployment in the industrial regions. Nevertheless, the final figures are likely to be disturbing. It must be remembered that scarcely more than 40 percent of the population in any area works for compensation, and that 4.7 percent of the whole population would be nearly 12 percent of those having gainful occupations. It would be a still larger percentage of wage earners and small salary earners. Nations keeping good employment statistics rarely have as much unemployment as this, even in the deepest depression. This gives emphasis to the plea of Senator Wagner that his three bills to prepare for future unemployment, which have passed the Senate, be enacted by the House, and to the statement of Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins of New York state that permanent agencies for handling the situation should be further strengthened. She illustrates what a unified employment service can do by the fact that under centralized clearing of social agencies maintaining employment services, 1895 more jobs were obtained in April than in March.

LAST week was a hard one for the prohibitionists. The final figures in the Literary Digest poll were published, showing that out of nearly five million persons who registered their opinion, 69.5 percent were opposed to enforcement. Of the forty-eight states, the Drys carried only five, and these five—Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee and North Carolina, have but a small proportion of the total population. Several prominent people not hitherto associated with the anti-prohibition movement, including Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, came out for the Morrow plan for a return to state option. The Republican party in the state of Washington assembled in convention and voted Wet. Finally, the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision holding that the Volstead Act was not intended to penalize the buyer of liquor. The court ruled that the omission of purchase from the list of acts forbidden in the law was not an inadvertence, and mentioned in support of this view the fact that purchasers have not been prosecuted during the past ten years. To the layman this would seem to be good law and good sense. The prohibitionists, however, were counting on this additional power, and the dashing of their hopes makes the problem of enforcement more difficult than ever. It also makes more apparent the necessity for a fundamental reconsideration of this whole question.

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the controversy between a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific Railway and the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks is not only a victory for organized labor and for good social policy, but an instance of how judicial reasoning may be guided when adequate statutes exist. The Railway Labor Act, which sets up a whole procedure for adjustment of labor disputes on the railroads, specifies that neither party may take a hand in the choice of representatives of the other. This provision was aimed directly at the practice of many managements which attempted to substitute "company unions" for the spontaneous labor organizations. The railroad in this case refused to negotiate with the clerks' Brotherhood and instead dealt with its own hand-fed creation. The Brotherhood obtained an injunction against this practice, and was sustained all the way up to the Supreme Court. Here, the injunction proved a useful instrument of justice. That result was achieved because a question of social and economic policy was not left solely to the arbitrament of judicial precedent and judicial prejudice, but was clearly stated in a substantive law declaring how labor relations must be conducted. If the use of the injunction in labor disputes outside the railroads could be adequately regulated by some such measure as is now before the Senate Judiciary Committee, we should run less risk of Hitchman and Red Jacket decisions.

CANADA is about to put into force a law making illegal the export of alcoholic liquor to any country which prohibits the sale of such liquor—i. e., to the United States. This new rule won't have much effect upon the actual smuggling across the border, unless perhaps it raises prices a little; liquor can still be sent somewhere else—the British West Indies, for instance—and there transshipped for the United States. We may even see repeated the absurdities of a few years ago when a rowboat full of Scotch would solemnly set out from the Canadian shore of the Detroit River with clearance papers indicating that it intended to make a two-thousand-mile sea voyage. Nevertheless, Canada's new legislation is a friendly gesture, and one clearly intended as such. In a day when our northern neighbors have so many reasons to be annoyed with us—some of them are enumerated by Mr. J. A. Stevenson in this issue of The New Republic—this bit of international courtesy has an importance which outruns its practical result.

SERIOUS charges of graft are now being made in connection with two more departments of New York City's government. It is alleged—what newspapermen have suspected for many years—that steamship companies have paid graft running into thousands of dollars for the right to use the municipal piers around Manhattan Island. It is further charged that large sums have been spent for the supposed purpose of influencing rulings by the

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Board of Standards and Appeals, the body which decides whether or not the zoning law and other similar legislation may be ignored in specified instances. Only a few days older than these two scandals in the pages of the daily press is the mismanagement of the probation bureau attached to the Court of General Sessions. The head of this bureau has resigned under fire and has been indicted. Despite the recent scandals in the Magistrates' Court, Mayor "Jimmy" Walker, with brazen insolence, has disregarded the offered assistance of the Bar Association and has appointed to the bench two of his loyal henchmen. We cannot recall a single department of city government which has been investigated in recent years without turning up gross corruption or inefficiency, or both. Is New York now so big and so unwieldy that even a temporary period of reformation is no longer possible? Is it true that a majority of its voters do not expect public officials to be competent or honest? We should like to see this theme developed by some post-graduate student of government in one of the city's institutions of higher learning; and we are prepared not to be surprised at any result.

A BILL has been favorably reported from committee and is now before the United States Senate, continuing the Children's Bureau on its present basis. Readers of The New Republic do not need to be told again of the usefulness of the Bureau, whose work was described at length in our issue of April 2, 1930. There is every reason why it should go on. It would be a calamity if in the rush of work at the end of the session Congress were to allow it to be overlooked.

The Fraud of the Flexible Tariff

MR. HOOVER, confronted by the prospect of having either to sign the Grundy tariff bill or to veto it, is facing the most serious dilemma of his presidency. It is no light matter for him to decide either way. If he signs, he will sanction an economic policy in which he has never really believed, one that is denounced without reservation by the economists, in whom he professes to place special confidence, and one that is arousing increasingly hostile sentiment throughout the country. If he vetoes, he will throw away the work of Congress for a year, he will offend many powerful manufacturers and politicians, and he will renounce the outcome of a course of events for which he made himself responsible as candidate when he needlessly opened the floodgates to tariff revision. It would be difficult indeed for him to veto without confessing a grievous mistake.

It is reported that Mr. Hoover will seek to avoid this dilemma by the flexible provision in the final draft of the bill. He will sign, it is predicted, admitting that the bill goes beyond the vague "limited revision" for which he originally declared, and that many of its rates are exorbitant, and he will say that a scientific commission of tariff experts can go over it piecemeal and remedy its defects. In view of Mr. Hoover's temperament, his apparent unwillingness to sharpen issues, his constant search for a middle course between formidable opposing powers, this prediction is so credible that it demands serious discussion.

Under the flexible provision, the Tariff Commission is empowered to investigate any rate of duty, upon direction from Congress or the President, suggestion from private interests or its own motion. This investigation consists of a comparison between the cost of production of the article in this country and the cost of its production abroad. Having discovered the facts with regard to the relative costs, the Commission is empowered to recommend changes in duties which will render the price of a foreign-made article, in the American market, equal to the price of the domestic article which competes with it. Changes recommended cannot exceed 50 percent of the duties specified in the bill. The President may either approve or veto the recommendations as made; he cannot alter them. If he takes no action, the recommendations become effective in sixty days.

Some opponents of this provision argue that it is unconstitutional, in that it delegates the taxing power of Congress to an executive body. The Department of Justice disagrees with this objection. We see little merit in it. The provision differs very little from that in the present law, which empowers the President to proclaim new rates after investigation by the Commission, though it does not place final authority in the Commission. Congress is constantly delegating powers of various sorts to commissions. Congress delegates its police power over railway rates to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and this surely affects the citizens as much as any delegation of tariff revision.

The flexible provision, however, provides no real escape from the President's dilemma. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it worked perfectly as, according to the language of the bill, it is supposed to work. The principle on which it is based is a principle of universal and indiscriminate protection. The "limited" revision was supposed to help agriculture primarily, and, beyond that, a few specially distressed industries. But the Commission can alter any existing duty whatever, either up or down, and if it does alter a duty, the lowest rate it is permitted to fix would deprive American consumers of any advantage from the possibly cheaper costs of the article produced abroad. This would, theoretically, offer protection to any and every industry—unless the existing rate were so low that a 50-percent increase would not sufficiently penalize the foreign competitor. If the Tariff Commission promptly, "scientifically" and efficiently revised every duty in the bill according to this pro-

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vision, not a single objection of the economists would be answered. The tariff would still burden the consumers. It would still support inefficient manufacturers and render undue profit to the more efficient. It would still fail to protect the farmers and others whose prices are set in world markets. It would still call forth foreign retaliation, obstruct foreign trade and exports and disturb international relations.

And the flexible provision cannot work as mechanically as the language of the bill would suggest. Our experience with previous tariff commissions has proved that. Costs are difficult to ascertain accurately. Many are not known by the manufacturers themselves; many are concealed. Long and arduous accounting investigations are necessary to obtain even halfway reliable figures. When and if they are obtained, they are found to vary widely among different plants in the same country. The lowest-cost American plant may be able to undersell foreign competitors while the highest-cost plant is not. Where to draw the line is a matter of judgment. If costs cannot be obtained, the commission is empowered to compare wholesale prices in the principal markets. Here again questions of judgment intervene. What are comparable prices for comparable qualities? What are the principal markets? Moreover, both costs and prices are subject to such frequent change that by the time action can be taken on the basis of the Commission's researches, the entire basic situation may have been modified. Given the most honest and able commission in the world, it is an impossible task to follow closely the flux of costs and prices among thousands of products, by flexing tariff rates.

When such an impossibly large task is presented to a commission, and when the role of judgment in its action is so great, the practical outcome is bound to depend mainly on the personal views and prejudices of the commissioners, if not on influence applied by interested parties. The lobbies which have been so successful in getting high rates through Congress would not be idle in influencing the daily work of the Commission or in the appointment of its members. The consumers, inadequately represented even while the whole country is excited over the tariff question, would seldom be heard from in the quiet of detailed revision. The President would have to be not only an extremely able and courageous man, but an expert with no other duties, in order to make sure that the Commission was giving us the best kind of tariff possible under the law.

And finally, the whole theory of the desirability of a flexible tariff is open to serious question. Business has enough uncertain factors with which to contend, without adding a constant stream of artificial and arbitrary price changes and expectations of price changes which would result from continual tariff tinkering. If we must have a high tariff, it is better to have a fixed one, to which business can become accustomed, and on the basis of which its normal and necessary changes can take place. The chief virtue of the Tariff Commission under Harding and Coolidge was not that under it tariff changes were made, but that it led to so few changes. Congress, having delegated the work of "scientific" tariff revision to a commission, could go about more useful business, while the commission, in the main attempt to do what was expected of it, accomplished almost nothing. Thus the desirable result of a nearly stable tariff structure was achieved for nearly a decade.

If, then, Mr. Hoover turns to the flexible provision in the new bill as a way of escape from a fundamentally bad tariff, he will be perpetrating a fraud on the public. He can do so only as a consequence of one of three failings—lack of good expert advice, or such a muddy and slow intelligence that he cannot understand the advice, or a deliberate decision to sanction a policy which he disapproves because he does not dare to veto. There is still a chance for him to take the clear and courageous course. We are not yet pessimistic enough about Mr. Hoover's qualities to predict that he will not do so.

The Publishers' Price War

DURING the last ten years there have arisen two opposite and extreme tendencies in the publishing business. The first has been to conduct it as one of the luxury trades, and to demand high prices and high profits to compensate for a low volume of sales. The second has been to regard books as a commodity like electric toasters or motor cars, the public for which might be indefinitely expanded by progressively decreasing the prices. The majority of publishing houses, preferring older and more dignified policies, have followed neither of these extreme tendencies; yet both of them have had a wide effect.

The idea that publishing is a luxury trade has resulted in the production of many luxurious, decorative and useless books. It has resulted in a great deal of advertising designed to attract the "milady" type of buyers by appealing to their superciliousness (which book reviewers have learned to call sophistication) and more simply to their snobbery (which advertisers praise as exclusiveness). It has also resulted in raising the price of books to ridiculous figures. During the prosperous years from 1922 till 1929, people were willing to pay $2.50 for an ephemeral novelette disguised as a novel, or even to pay $5 for a real novel issued in two wide-margined, thick-papered volumes. But conditions are changing; and there has recently been a sort of buyers' strike which has left many publishers overstocked with books which are both expensive and unsalable.

The second tendency—that toward lower prices through mass production—has been growing in im-

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portance during the past three years. It has been emphasized by the success of the Literary Guild, which each year offers twelve books chosen by itself for approximately half the retail price. It has been further emphasized by the advertising of some of the newer publishers, which is obviously designed to appeal to a wider and less cultured public. It is evident, too, in the recent policy of some of the dollar-reprint series, which have been carrying their mass-production methods into fields formerly monopolized by the standard publishers. Successful books are sometimes reissued in one of these series less than a year after their original publication. The New Republic, in 1924, was the first publishing house since the War to issue new books for $1, but this enterprise has been confined to a limited field. Much attention has lately been attracted by Paper Books, Inc., which last year inaugurated the policy of issuing new paper-bound books in large editions for seventy-five cents.

Meanwhile the general trend toward cheaper books has been sensationally advanced by recent developments. On May 22, three important publishing houses announced that they would henceforth issue popular novels and detective stories for $1, instead of for $2 and $2.50. One of the three also promised a general reduction in the price of all its future books. Two other houses announced that their new novels would be sold for $1.50. Paper Books, Inc., cut the price of its publications to fifty cents. A few other publishers may follow one or another of these examples, but the majority have agreed to maintain their former prices, and a sort of civil warfare is impending in the publishing world.

The final outcome is difficult to predict. It is likely, however, that if the struggle is at all bitter or prolonged, one of its important results may be the elimination of the marginal elements from the business of making and distributing books. The marginal bookstores will possibly be the first to go. They have complained that they were unable to make money by selling expensive books on which they were granted large discounts; they have not the capital necessary for embarking in mass distribution; and it seems improbable that the weaker ones can survive by selling cheap books on which the discounts are necessarily small. They will probably be followed into bankruptcy or amalgamation by the marginal publishers who are not rich or enterprising enough to survive in an era of bitter competition and changing markets. Finally the marginal authors will suffer; they may no longer be able, in the future, to have their manuscripts published. The marginal public, however—the vaster audience which publishers have so far been unable to reach—will profit by anything that reduces the price of books.

Will it cease to be a marginal public and become a public of dependable consumers? On the answer to this question depends the success of the recent price reductions. For, primarily, the problem of cheaper books is a problem of mass distribution. Novels that sell for the present price of $2.50 or $2 become profitable to their publishers after a thousand or fifteen hundred copies have been sold. Not all novels attain even this modest sale, as is proved by the fact that many publishers are now losing money. With novels at $1, the minimum profitable distribution will be fifteen or twenty thousand copies; and it remains to be seen whether the price-cutting publishers will succeed in achieving such average minimum sales, especially in the case of new books without an established market.

If they do succeed, the result might be the eventual Fordization of the publishing world. There might possibly be a simplified and standardized regime under which unpopular books and authors would be eliminated. Each of the few remaining publishing corporations would concentrate on a few dependable novels, biographies or histories by a few dependable writers. These books would be manufactured in vast editions, at a unit cost of ten or fifteen cents, and they would be sold in neat aseptic packages by all the methods of mass publicity. The small bookstore would disappear: it would be replaced by book counters at the corner drugstore, the corner cigar store or even the newsstand in the subway. People riding from Chicago to New York would buy a standardized biography to read on the train instead of a magazine. Stenographers coming to the office in the morning would carry a novel instead of The Daily Tabloid. The country would be book-conscious. But would it also be conscious of literary values? Could literature itself survive in such an atmosphere of standardization? . . . Well, it has always survived in the past; and in the future it might even profit by the sharper distinction that would inevitably be drawn between the art of letters and the literary business.

Who Won in Pennsylvania?

THE Republican primary in Pennsylvania, in which former Governor Gifford Pinchot was again made the candidate of his party for the governorship, and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis was chosen as the senatorial nominee, was of unusual interest and importance. The Drys, of whom Mr. Pinchot is emphatically one, are claiming that his victory was a triumph for their cause. The Wets say that it was not, the election being decided on other and more complicated grounds. In this case, there can be no question but that the Wets are correct.

There are three big machines which constitute the Republican party in Pennsylvania. There is the Philadelphia or Vare machine, representing the Eastern bankers, the railroads and the coal companies. There is the Grundy machine, representing the state's manufacturers, and the Pittsburgh or Mellon machine representing the Western bankers,

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the steel companies and the oil producers. These three groups, all of them seeking special privilege, were in Penrose's day a harmonious whole. Since his death no one man has been able to assure them all that their interests would be competently protected. Hence each has sought power without reference to the others.

Mr. Pinchot owes his nomination, just as he did in 1922, to a man with whom he has nothing in common and who has nothing in common with him —Joseph R. Grundy. In both instances, Pinchot the progressive has gained from the exigencies confronting Grundy the reactionary. In the present primary, Grundy valiantly turned the rural counties, where his organization is paramount, behind Pinchot. But he did this solely to prevent the Vare organization from obtaining control of the state government, or, more correctly, the state patronage, which is the Philadelphia organization's only interest. Grundy's strategy was courageous. As he knows from experience, he will get no favors from Pinchot. But if Grundy doesn't profit, neither does Vare, and this, at the moment, is enough.

Grundy's defeat is neither a repudiation of his tariff policies, which Pennsylvania endorses heartily, nor of himself, of whom the state is unblushingly proud. Nor is it a tribute to Secretary Davis ("Jim the Puddler," as he likes to be known when campaigning and at Mooseheart, Ill.), by whom Pennsylvania is amused. His defeat derives from his unwillingness to compromise with Vare, who originally offered to support him if he would couple his candidacy with that of the Vare organization's lawyer, former Attorney-General Francis Shunk Brown, who was seeking the governorship. Grundy's machine derives its strength from state patronage. To yield this to Vare is to succumb to the Philadelphia organization.

The support given Secretary Davis by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Mellons in Pittsburgh (that they did support him is shown by the returns from Allegheny County), derives from the facts that Grundy is primarily interested in the manufacturers and that he is even more useful outside the Senate than in. Grundy's lifelong interest has been the protection of manufacturers, of whom he is one, and the diversion of taxes from the manufacturers to other taxable industrial groups. Also, it has become clear that Grundy is more effective in putting a tariff bill through Congress when he is not a member of the Senate. As a Senator his lobbying is too obvious and his handiwork more vulnerable to the shafts of Borah, Norris and the other independents.

The large number who voted for the independent Wet candidate sapped the Vare strength greatly, the Grundy strength somewhat, and the Pinchot strength hardly at all, since most of them were in the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh districts. Pennsylvanians must feel very strongly to desert the organization. They did so in disgust at the hypocrisy of the Vare machine, which puts up ostensible Dry candidates while Philadelphia, which it controls, remains wide open. Other things being equal, Pennsylvania would always go Wet. But other things never are equal; if a Wet ticket is put into the field next fall to oppose Mr. Pinchot, Grundy and Mellon will certainly rally to his support in order to keep the Vare gang out of the state capital. Incidentally, Mr. Pinchot's honesty is of value to Mellon and Grundy, in that he does not turn incumbents out of their state jobs simply because they do not support his political ambitions. This has prevented his building up an organization of his own and will enable the present incumbents—Grundy and Mellon men—to remain.

The net result of this remarkable primary will be chiefly a little dignity and honesty in the executive mansion at Harrisburg, and this, in Pennsylvania, is something. Pinchot will propose intelligent legislation, which is likely to be defeated in the Legislature at the command of Grundy and Mellon as well as at the command of Vare. However, the Cabinet appointments will be made on the basis of capability, and the departments of the state government will be run without waste and intelligently conducted in all details outside the Legislature's control. Also, while Pinchot is Governor, judicial appointments will be made on the basis of merit; the state police will not be used against strikers; the Public Service Commission will probably be reorganized; and the public at large will at all times have the chance to know what is going on.

Pennsylvania's abundant natural resources early enriched its population and induced a baronial frame of mind which persists to this day. This philosophy will probably continue until its coal mines are exhausted, its oil fields dry and its industrial equipment outmoded. The men who control its life rarely if ever hold public office. With a grim humor, the public offices are handed over to clowns, hypocrites, poseurs or strategists. There are exceptions, and Pinchot is one. But then, he is not a Pennsylvanian at heart, having been born in Connecticut, educated in New England and politically trained in Washington.

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The New Education Ten Years After

I: *Apprenticeship or Freedom?*

A general discussion of progressive education in the United States—its achievements thus far, its present dangers and its promise for the future—is being presented by The New Republic in a series of articles by leading American educators. In the present article, the first of the series, Professor Boyd H. Bode of Ohio State University contrasts and criticizes two present-day tendencies in education, the first emphasizing the need of training in practical subjects as a direct apprenticeship for life, the second emphasizing the desirability of freedom for the child.—THE EDITORS.

TO THE casual observer, American education is a confusing and not altogether edifying spectacle. It is productive of endless fads and panaceas; it is pretentiously scientific and at the same time pathetically conventional; it is scornful of the past, yet painfully inarticulate when it speaks of the future. The tremendous activity now going on in education is evidence of far-reaching social changes, but we do not seem to know what these changes signify or how they are to be directed.

In this welter of divergent and conflicting practices it is possible to discern two main tendencies or attitudes. One emphasizes the need of making education a direct preparation for life; the other emphasizes the importance of full and free development. The former prides itself on its application of scientific method to the problem of the curriculum; the latter poses as the champion of childhood's right to live a life of its own. Both make their appeal to psychology; and psychology, in a spirit of amiability born of mental confusion, gives its sanction and its blessing to them both. The psychology of habit formation justifies prescription and rigidity of procedure; the psychology of play and of adolescence gives warrant to freedom and the cultivation of initiative. Like the oracles of old, psychology requires its supplicants to assume personal responsibility for the interpretation of its cryptic principles.

Both of these tendencies claim to be enlightened and progressive because of the conviction which they hold in common that traditional education is inadequate for present-day needs. On the one hand the complaint is made that such ideals as "culture," "character formation" or even "utility" are too vague to be of use without detailed and painstaking analysis. These time-honored objectives of education must be supplemented by a multitude of definite and specific objectives, so that we can know at every point just what is being accomplished, in much the same way as a cash register records every transaction during the course of the day. On the other hand the objection is voiced that traditional education disregards the nature of childhood by forcing it into a kind of strait-jacket. Lessons are assigned as so much material to be learned, without reference to the laws or principles of mental growth. The whole process is mechanized, at the sacrifice of spirit or attitude, which is both a precious by-product and the chief abiding value of true education. The typical pedagogue's concern over specific and tangible results betokens a lack of imagination and understanding. Real education has a spirit of its own, and God fulfills Himself in many ways.

To put the matter differently, both of these newer attitudes or movements in education find fault with traditionalism, although for different reasons. In the past it has been customary, in many subjects, to present the material to be studied as though the purpose in teaching it were to train specialists. To the specialist in chemistry, for example, the law of atomic weights is a fact of peculiar importance, since it can be used as an instrument for further research in the field of chemistry. Since research is the specialist's business, he organizes his knowledge of the subject in such a way as to make it an efficient tool for his purposes, and his way of organizing knowledge is what we call scientific organization. But the average pupil does not approach the subject with the mental set of the specialist, and so this organization is not suited for him. Consequently the doctrine of specific objectives holds that the organization should be determined by "functional" needs—the needs of the farmer, the apothecary, the housekeeper; whereas the competing doctrine maintains that the organization should be in accordance with the needs and interests of childhood, and not of adult life.

There is reason to think that this assault on "scientific organization" has gone much too far. Nevertheless, the revolt against traditionalism in education is too widespread and too persistent to be dismissed as due to the vagaries of modern pedagogy. In fact, the dissatisfaction seems to be gathering strength. During recent years even the sacred precincts of the college have been invaded with the demand that college teaching be "vitalized" and brought into close relation to "life." It is quite likely that the critics of the college have no clear idea of what they want, but the fact that they want it and want it so insistently is of significance. It is at least another indication that our educational system has something the matter with it. It seems not to have kept pace with the social changes that

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are going on. If we are to judge intelligently of educational reforms, we must take account of these changes. As Lincoln said in the opening sentence of his famous "House Divided" speech: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

To know where we are and whither we are tending would undoubtedly require extraordinary sagacity. There are, however, certain high spots in the present situation that invite reflection. To begin with, the popular demand for education is clearly not a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for abstract scholarship. If we ascribe it to the realization that present economic conditions place a premium on extensive educational training, we must recognize that the ideal of vocational efficiency has undergone considerable transformation. The test is nothing so simple as the ability to step into a job. Representatives of industry are beginning to warn us that narrow training defeats its own purpose. Conditions in industry are changing so rapidly that the problem of enabling the individual to readjust himself as circumstances may require becomes a matter of primary importance. In other words, the general drift is in the direction of free intelligence, rather than toward reliance on predetermined patterns of activity. This shift of emphasis is a distinguishing trait of our modern civilization and calls for a corresponding shift of emphasis in our educational system.

If we follow out the implications of this idea we find ourselves led far afield. Capacity for occupational readjustment, it appears, is bound up with all kinds of things that formerly were supposed to have no practical bearing. The farmer of today affords a convenient illustration. He finds it useful to possess a wide acquaintance with the natural sciences, and he also finds himself drawn into questions of politics, finance, transportation, marketing and all the rest. These matters are strictly continuous with his everyday occupation, and they set a new educational problem. Effective education for him cannot be made up of training in routine activities plus a set of courses in a variety of separately organized subjects. Theory does not carry over automatically into practice. As a teacher of calculus for engineers once complained, whenever his students encountered a practical problem involving mathematics, they always went back to arithmetic.

But even this does not tell the whole story. Any serious attempt to reorganize education so as to make theory effective in the everyday affairs of life would inevitably extend into what we are even now disposed to regard as purely cultural or spiritual values. Vocation leads over into social relations, and social relations lead over into questions of fundamental belief. As a result of our industrial and economic development, society is being dominated more and more by the "practical" outlook on life, which is bringing with it an unmistakable transformation of attitude or standards of value. In general, this transformation is the same in kind as the change that is taking place on the level of vocational education. It means greater emphasis on the function of intelligence as an agency for keeping theory and practice abreast of each other and for the progressive reconstruction of both theory and practice in the light of circumstances. Conversely it means less reliance on established patterns or fixed standards. To take a historical example, this general tendency has made government a purely mundane affair by shifting the basis of government from the principle of divine right to the principle of government with the consent (and participation) of the governed. Or, to change the illustration, standards of conduct are determined in the light of a growing social ideal and not by reference to a visceral "inner check," like that of our New Humanists, Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt.

In brief, the educational significance of modern social development is to emphasize the need for a liberated intelligence. This in turn requires, first, a reorganization of educational agencies so that theory may operate freely on the level of practice, and, second, a consideration of the question of whether or to what extent we are willing to accept the principle of a free intelligence as a basis for our social outlook or philosophy of life.

The implications of this principle for social and economic theory, for morality and religion, are far more extensive than one might antecedently suspect. It seems fairly obvious that the change which is going on in our "total attitude" or outlook on life is as far-reaching as the change in our conception of vocational efficiency. The influence of authority and tradition for the regulation of conduct is unmistakably on the wane. Walter Lippmann, in his "Preface to Morals," makes the claim that skepticism is more widespread at present than at any previous time in history. Our difficulty is that we do not know how to chart a new course. Perhaps the chief source of this difficulty lies in the fact that we delude ourselves into thinking that the break with the past is more complete than it really is. Some of our most radical educational reformers are at bottom as conventional as the buttons on the sleeves of a man's coat. Old habits and prejudices are retained on the rather naïve assumption that they are expressions of cosmic law. If we are going to be really in earnest about educational reform, we must make it center on the question of the place that intelligence should occupy in human affairs. If we believe that intelligence can be trusted and should be cultivated, we are at once committed to a principle of educational procedure. Education at every level becomes a reorganization of personal experience, and it also becomes a progressive reinterpretation of beliefs in the direction of an independent philosophy of life.

Generally speaking, traditional education has

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never engaged in an undertaking of this kind. The challenge of intelligence in the form of science, with its techniques, its appeal to experiment and methods of testing, is essentially a new thing. We are only beginning to understand the significance of this new development as an escape from the compartmentalization of life and as a means for securing a new basis for the regulation of everyday life and conduct. Instead of compartmentalization, as reflected in our highly specialized and relatively independent courses and in the conventional contrast between vocational or professional and liberal education, it is necessary to reconsider the whole matter of what constitutes a sound education. As Dr. Meiklejohn remarked some time ago in this journal: "Our American scheme of liberal education is still in its most crude and vague beginnings. Far from having made the attempt, we have as yet hardly entered upon the formulating of what the venture is to be. The present time is one, not of endings, but of beginnings in liberal education."

The outstanding weakness of the newer educational movements previously mentioned is that they have no program to offer as a substitute for the one they seek to displace. The doctrine of specific objectives is content to maintain that teaching should be confined to such subject matter as is obviously useful and that the selection of such subject matter should be made on the basis of extensive and painstaking analysis. Usefulness, in this scheme, is naturally predicated on the requirements of society as now constituted; it can be ascertained by careful inspection of "best practices," and in case of difficulty it has a never-failing resource in the questionnaire. A more poverty-stricken conception of education than this it would be difficult to imagine.

The doctrine of "freedom," which is so much in evidence at present in our American schools, seems to be animated by the idea that programs are an obstacle to education—unless they are originated by the pupils themselves. Initiative on the part of the teacher is suppressed on the ground that purposes must not be "imposed" on pupils from without, and one is left to wonder why a teacher is needed at all. There is little ground for surprise that the more conservative members of the teaching profession view these innovations with scorn. As they see it, the idea back of these reforms is to adapt education to the masses either by appeals to utility or by making it a painless operation through the seductions of interest. The ideal of discipline through rigorous, systematic thinking and through allegiance to standards of taste and conduct is surrendered because the mob will have none of these things. Education is betrayed in its own household.

This is a distorted view, to be sure, for the reason that it fails to recognize the existence of any serious educational problem. If we grant the problem, it is easier to become, if not more sympathetic, at least more patient and more hopeful. The problem is to make education an effective instrument for a changing, as contrasted with a static, society, to give intelligence its rightful place and opportunity on every level of life, from everyday occupation to the determination of social, economic and esthetic standards. The educational movements under discussion have at least the merit of being sensitive to the problems and of attempting to furnish a solution. The doctrine of specific objectives, accordingly, has recourse to a certain type of practicality, whereas the doctrine of "freedom" finds in its conception of "child activity" a guarantee that intelligence will come into its own.

These two tendencies are symptomatic of an educational need, but they also show that the situation is not lacking in irony. As it turns out, they become additional obstacles to the end that they seek to achieve. Education on the basis of specific objectives is so absorbed in the cultivation of skills and habits that it makes no provision for adaptive intelligence. In spirit it is more akin to the apprenticeship system of the past than to the modern demands for range of adaptation. On the other hand, the freedom theory, though always facile in quoting Dewey to its purpose, seems never to have acquired an understanding of Dewey's conception of freedom.

According to Dewey, freedom is achieved through the exercise of intelligence, whereas the less discriminating of his disciples understand him to mean that intelligence is achieved through the exercise of freedom. Taken in this latter sense, freedom means the absence of external restriction; and it seems to be taken for granted that this kind of freedom leads automatically to effective, disciplined thinking, despite the warning of William James that the defenselessness of children against external stimuli, which "makes the child seem to belong less to himself than to every object which happens to catch his notice, is the first thing which the teacher must overcome. It never is overcome in some people, whose work, to the end of life, gets done in the interstices of their mind-wandering."

The other meaning of freedom centers precisely in the ability to go through with an undertaking by the discovery of appropriate means, by the surmounting of obstacles and by the modification of the original plan or conception in the light of new facts. This calls both for sustained effort in the presence of distractions, and for the exercise of discrimination and constructive imagination—in short, for real thinking. It may be added that if we may trust the example of scientific thinking, the possession of a body of scientifically organized matter is of inestimable value, not only as a resource in later life, but as a basis for present thinking. Where such subject matter is absent, we rely less on thinking than on guessing and more or less random experimenting. The lack of concern for the scientific organization of subject matter that is shown by the newer movements in education is an ominous fact. It tends to justify the suspicion that they seek to achieve the ends of education by a kind of magic.

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In terms of Dewey's conception of freedom it is not at all evident that there is no place for compulsion or prescription. Any device is justified if it actually promotes thinking. Moreover, if adult psychology is any clue, it is conceivable that if children have a sense of responsibility and accountability, they feel themselves sustained thereby. The pupil who inquired, "Do we have to do what we want to do today?" seems to have had a sense that something was lacking.

> Me this unchartered freedom tires;
> I feel the weight of chance desires.

Perhaps it is not irrelevant to mention that a number of the early Romanticists, after a period of dissipation in the exercise of freedom, found an escape from the weight of chance desires by joining the Catholic Church. At any rate, it is not clear, either from the consideration of the underlying theory or from observation of the results of this type of education, that we are finally on the right track.

The chief defect in American education today is the lack of a program, or sense of direction. It has no adequate mission or social gospel. Yet the material for a significant and distinctive educational philosophy is immediately at hand. The influence of modern science is pervading our whole civilization. It is giving us a new conception of the nature and method of intelligence and it is making the question of the place of intelligence in human affairs the fundamental issue of our civilization. To understand this issue is to have a basis for a philosophy of conduct and a basis for an interpretation of education in its relation to modern life.

B. H. BODE.

In the second article, to be published next week, Professor Joseph K. Hart will offer an appraisal of our progressive schools.—THE EDITORS.

Canada Plans Reprisal

TODAY in Canada the party tomtoms are sounding throughout the land. The Liberal ministry of Mr. Mackenzie King, which has held office continuously save for a brief interval of three months since the fall of 1921, has decided not to live out its statutory term, but to appeal for a new mandate this summer. Strenuous efforts are being made to wind up the business of Parliament, and as sixty days must elapse between dissolution and polling day, the election will take place at the end of July or the beginning of August.

Not for many years has the political visibility in Canada been so low. But one thing is certain: the King ministry is committed to a difficult defensive battle. At the election of 1926 there was available not only the cry that a British Governor-General must be taught his constitutional duties and a proper respect for Canadian autonomy, but also the appealing claim that the Liberal party, by its wise administration, had been the creator of abounding national prosperity and should not be disturbed in its career of good works. Today there is no constitutional issue. As for business conditions, the great stock-market debacle, an impasse in the grain markets (which was the fruit of a price war between the Canadian holders of wheat and European importers), and the difficulties of the newsprint and mining industries have combined to produce a substantial recession. During the winter months, this created a serious unemployment situation, which even now is only partially relieved. The overflowing prosperity which the Dominion enjoyed since 1924 in common with the United States has gone where the woodbine twineth, and the voters have been showing signs of critical querulousness.

Another source of embarrassment to the King ministry has been the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. It has aroused latent prejudices against the United States, an emotional legacy from the United Empire Loyalists, and has enabled the Conservative leaders to go up and down the country preaching that if Canada is to be rescued from permanent economic subordination to her powerful neighbor, they must at once be returned to power—with a mandate for a high-tariff policy designed to check the heavy inflow of American imports and serve as a measure of national integration.

Moreover, the persistent solidarity of the French-Canadian race on the Liberal side has had its inevitable backfire, and there is clear evidence of a solidification of sentiment in the English-speaking provinces against the domination which Quebec has been exercising since 1921 in the councils of the federal government. This reaction is compounded in almost equal parts of racial antagonism and religious prejudice, and there has blossomed forth in western Canada a vigorous Canadian replica of the Ku Klux Klan. Having swept out of power a Liberal administration in Saskatchewan, this organization is now carrying on a fiery crusade against the King ministry under the guidance of a certain Mr. J. J. Maloney, sometime candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood. The new Saskatchewan government, a coalition which is dominated by Conservative politicians, has passed legislation avowedly designed to eliminate Roman Catholic influence in the schools of the province, and its drastic terms have aroused furious indignation in

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Quebec. There the French-Canadian population of Saskatchewan is being pictured as martyrs groaning under the heel of Protestant fanaticism. Under these circumstances the Government can be easy in its mind about its great stronghold of Quebec, but the ghost of William of Orange will stalk through the English-speaking provinces to the damage of the Liberal party.

With the fires of religious rancor blazing freely, the King Government obviously needed some special election appeal of an alluring character. This it has tried to find in a comprehensive measure of tariff revision, which was embodied in the budget submitted by the Finance Minister on May 1. This budget, which alters some 500 of the 1,189 schedules of the Canadian tariff, is a curious farrago of freer trade and increased protectionism, its avowed objects being to meet the widespread resentment aroused by the Smoot-Hawley bill and to divert business now enjoyed by American interests to British and Canadian hands. Its basic feature is a cut in the British preferential rates on a long list of commodities accompanied by a number of increases in the general tariff which affects American imports. There has been devised an ingenious system of countervailing duties, under which the government is to be authorized to keep the Canadian rates on certain farm products identical with the rates levied by the country which seeks to export them to Canada—a patent reprisal for the penalties imposed by the Smoot-Hawley bill upon Canadian agricultural produce. The duties on fruits and vegetables have also been stiffened to placate the Canadian growers who have been complaining about American dumping, and the dairymen are being appeased by a termination of the trade arrangements with New Zealand which had permitted a heavy inflow of cheap butter from that dominion.

At first the budget had a very favorable press, and it passed the House of Commons by the comfortable majority of 114 to 86. But the Conservative party with three exceptions, together with the Progressives and the small Labor group, all joined in attacking it and voting against it. The Conservatives contend that it represents a death-bed conversion to many of their policies, one of which was a "brick-for-brick" tariff policy against the United States, but they also hold that it does not go far enough and that, thanks to the increases in the British preference, it offers no hope for improving the fortunes of Canadian industry. Indeed, as far as the British preference is concerned, Mr. Bennett, the Conservative leader, has taken a line of economic nationalism, laying down the doctrine that the prosperity of a factory in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is just as beneficial to the British Empire and more deserving of consideration by Canada's Parliament than the prosperity of a factory in Halifax, England.

The most definitely protectionist feature of the proposed tariff is a sharp increase in the duties on iron and steel products. Three Conservatives, representatives of districts wherein iron and steel plants are located, felt it necessary to support the budget in the interests of their constituents and their own political necks. Whether the ministers welcomed this support is doubtful, as it has intensified the suspicions of the prairie farmers that substantial addition to the protection of the iron and steel interests has been smuggled into a Liberal budget. The Independent Progressives, who speak for them in Parliament, have sharply criticized it on this and other grounds.

The real battleground of the election promises to be the three prairie provinces, and here the western members of the Cabinet will be kept busy explaining how it happens that three notorious high protectionists have found the budget so palatable. They will also have to meet the allegation that many of the increases in the British preferences are illusory and about as useful to British trade as a preference on grapefruit would be to Greenland. Indeed, the general line of attack of all the opposition groups will be that the Government has revealed itself as a band of hypocritical tricksters who are ready to jettison their economic principles to retain power and are therefore unfitted to be entrusted any longer with the destinies of the Dominion.

The budget, however, makes plain a very definite cleavage between the Conservative and Liberal parties in regard to imperial relations. The Liberals have been pushing political autonomy to the limit in the political sphere, but they are prepared to coöperate in the stimulation of inter-imperial trade; the Conservatives for their part profess a great zeal for the maintenance of the commonwealth's political solidarity, but are not prepared to make any sacrifice of Canadian industries for the benefit of the mother country. So for this particular election the Liberals will take the imperialist role. They are, at present, having the novel experience of being lauded as saviors of the empire by the British Conservatives, who find the Canadian budget very useful for their own imperialist campaign. The Liberals have also abandoned their traditional attitude as the champions of close commercial relations with the United States, but for this the architects of the Smoot-Hawley bill are responsible.

Yet the sad truth remains that the present budget furnishes fresh evidence of the plight of the two historic parties of Canada, which have gone through the same process of development and decay as the Republican and Democratic parties have experienced in the United States. They have for all practical purposes ceased to have any distinctive policies which could justify their continued existence, and they are both pathetically afraid of committing themselves definitely upon any real issue. As a consequence they are nowadays reduced to putting forward, at each successive elec-

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tion, programs improvised to meet the immediate exigencies of the moment, even though the adventure may involve a blithe abandonment of what are supposed to be their fundamental principles. Meanwhile there is more than a reasonable prospect that the result of the polls may leave the leaders of each party in what they will regard as the humiliating position of having to bargain for the support of the Independent Progressives, who have only to gain a dozen seats in the west to hold a decisive balance of power.

Ottawa. J. A. STEVENSON.

Corporation Farming—the Way Out?

The Sixth and Last Contribution to the Symposium, "Hard Times for Farmers"

AGRICULTURE, almost alone among the American industries, still retains an individualistic organization as its characteristic scheme. We have over six million individual farmers. Is it any wonder that they are left behind in this age of gigantic businesses?

The present organization hampers agriculture in many ways. Farmers of poor ability, without supervision, stay in business by reducing living standards to low levels. Men of superior ability drift out of agriculture because they do not find scope for their development. The individual farmer is faced with grave hazards—yearly changes in weather and season, local vagaries of frost, floods, hail and pests, and on top of these, the man-made hazards of varying prices and costs. As a consequence, incomes in agriculture vary from year to year to an unbelievable extent, in the rich and prosperous areas as well as in the more humble sections.

New and larger machinery continually demands more capital, larger areas, more systematized operation. Individual farmers find it difficult to provide the capital and to reorganize their operations so as effectively to utilize the new techniques. Yet farmers as a class have forged ahead in productive efficiency. Their rate of increase in output per worker rivals that of other industries. It is in reduction of risk, in stability of income and in large-scale business organization that they have lagged behind.

Farming has many peculiar and distinctive characteristics. Producing the staple crops requires large areas of land—a half-section (320 acres) or more per worker in many cases. The processes of production are biological, seasonal and always changing. They cannot be reduced to a standard routine, as can factory processes. The individual worker must assume managerial responsibilities and adjust himself to varying conditions of weather and to continuously changing seasonal operations. The machine must go to the work, and the work must be done within definite periods for each crop. All of these conditions limit the area which can be economically operated as a single unit, or conducted under a single manager.

Past attempts at corporate farming have failed to recognize or appreciate many of these special characteristics of agriculture. Organizations have been set up of unwieldy size, far larger than could be efficiently directed or operated. The individual workers could not be supervised as they can be in a factory, and they have not had the incentive of self-interest as have individual farmers. They have tended to loaf more and pay less attention to what they were doing. The buildings have often been needlessly elaborate and expensive, reflecting the importance of the factory in industry. In farming, the land itself is the productive factor; barn capacity beyond that needed to balance the land area is sheer waste.

The large-sized factory farm, in a single area, is still nearly as subject to vagaries of yields and prices as is a small individual farm. When years of low yields or low prices do come, the corporation is more susceptible than an individual farmer. He hires little labor and pays little interest if out of debt. The corporation may pass dividends if it wishes, and interest payments if it must; but wages it cannot pass and keep alive. Some of the recent developments in agriculture, however, are pointing the way to new forms of business management which may succeed where older methods, transplanted from industry, have failed.

"Chain farming" is one of these new developments. In many instances an expert manager now supervises the operation of a "string" of farms. Usually all farms of the chain are located in the same area, and each is operated by an individual tenant farmer. The advice and supervision of the skilled supervisor helps to bring all the farms up to a higher level of efficiency, but marketing and business policies are usually left in the hands of the individual operators.

Another recent development is that of commercial farm-operation services. Some have been established for several years; others have resulted from the needs of insurance companies, banks and other financial institutions, which, in 1920 and 1921, involuntarily became the owners of farms. The

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operation services range from planning farming systems to taking control, providing managers and actively carrying on all operations. The success of these services shows that technical supervision can be successfully applied to many different farms under one overhead organization.

The Fairway Farms Corporation of Montana is a different development of the recent trend. Organized under a personal loan from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to help individual tenants acquire land ownership through a profit-sharing arrangement, the corporation has developed into an experiment of the highest significance. Dry-land areas of Montana, abandoned after a succession of droughts, have been incorporated into large farm units, each operated by a "tenant-purchaser." The different units are scattered widely over Montana, yet all the operations are under the general supervision of the central office, which controls production policies, purchases and sales. Operations are integrated between units wherever desirable, whether they involve shipping feeder pigs, grain feed or the nucleus of a dairy herd from one farm unit to another. These scientifically organized and expertly supervised farms are on the way to succeed in a region where individual farmers had previously failed. They suggest the application of the same scheme of business organization to the better farming regions, not as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent form of business management.

The developments here briefly sketched have suggested to many men the possibility of a new form of business organization for agriculture.[1] The new method would embody all that has proved successful in the past, yet avoid many of the pitfalls which have previously wrecked corporation farms.

The central feature in the new idea is a national corporation, operating groups of farms in many different sections of the country. A number of individual unit farms would compose each group. Each unit farm would be operated by a responsible operator, sharing in the profits and the losses, and taking full responsibility for productive efficiency. Over each group would be a group supervisor, and over all the central national office.

The different groups of farms would be so located as to diversify operations, reduce speculative risks and eliminate unnecessary marketing costs. The areas would be so selected as to produce a wide diversity of crops and livestock, and the corporation would thus be protected from all crop failures and price changes, except such as were nation-wide. Production and income for the corporation as a whole would be far more stable than would be possible for any single farm, no matter how large.

Marketing costs would be reduced by "vertical integration." Feeder cattle raised on the Texas units might be fattened on farms of the Iowa group, en route to market; low-grade wheat from Western units, or corn from Iowa, would move direct to the special dairy units in New York, or to intensive poultry units in New Jersey. Within each group special aptitudes could be developed: seed corn, feeder pigs, seed potatoes or laying pullets might be grown on farms run by men with special abilities, with a prearranged market for the specialized product on adjoining farms of the corporation.

Wide opportunities would be offered for individual advancement. Men of all grades of ability would be needed in the corporation. Farming for ambitious men with real managerial ability and resourcefulness would cease to be a "dead-alley" occupation.

Adequate capital would be available for the most modern and efficient machinery. The individual farm units would be made as large as could be efficiently operated with adequate capital by the unit operators—far larger, in many cases, than representative farms of today.

The land need not be owned. A long-term cash lease, with an option to buy, would enable the corporation to be sure of the productive ability of any land it purchased, and yet avoid tying up large sums in real estate at the start. With present low rents, it might be more advantageous to rent for many years to come.

Crucial points in the success of a federated chain-farming system would be the contract with the unit operators, and the soundness of the system of farming for each farm unit. It would be necessary for each unit operator to have an active personal interest in the success of his unit, just as if the farm belonged to him. To pay expenses, salaries and the overhead of the central office, the operations would have to be well planned and intelligently and effectively carried out.

Contrasted with the centralized corporation farms which have generally failed in the past, the federated type should be able to secure efficient, keen, earnest work by diffusing managerial responsibilities and managerial rewards down to each farm-unit operator. Many of the risks and hazards to which agricultural enterprises have been exposed in the past might be reduced. The full benefits of modern improvements in machinery could be obtained; and many savings might be made by eliminating buying and selling costs and securing greater operating efficiency. As the combined result of these advantages, the corporation might enable many farmers to earn better incomes than they now make individually, and yet pay satisfactory returns on the new capital invested in the enterprise.

What effect would the general development of nation-wide farming corporations have on country life? With the greater diffusion of risk, new economies of operation and more efficient methods, the

[1] Acknowledgment is due Elmer Starch and M. L. Wilson, of the Montana Agricultural College, for information with reference to the Fairway Farms Corporation and for suggestions as to the new type of organization.

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employees could both be paid more than they now earn as individual farmers, and also have much surer and more dependable incomes. There would be greater opportunities for individuals to advance, and more incentive for farmers to acquire technical training. The provision of adequate capital would wipe out the shadows that mounting mortgages now cast over many farm homes. Production programs and selling operations would be directed by specialists at the central office instead of being decided independently by millions of producers, untrained in economics and largely uninformed. Even the farm-surplus problem might be handled much as giant corporations handle steel or copper today.

Farming corporations might also develop a new labor psychology among farmers. At present, the farmers' answer to lower prices is longer hours and larger production. Industrial labor in America has learned that increasing productivity can be partly diverted into shorter hours and higher standards of living for the worker. Agricultural unions, under corporate farming, might secure the same results for farmers.

The rural community would be different from what it is now, and different from what it was in the past. It would have higher standards of living, a steadier and surer income, and perhaps more hours of leisure. Men would be less independent, but that is always a condition of advancing civilization. But to some extent at least, planned social coöperation would be substituted for the blind and ruthless competition that prevails in our agriculture today.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL and SHERMAN JOHNSON.

The New Confessional

EDUCATED people have a habit of looking on the confessional magazines and tabloid newspapers as a freak of nature, or at best as something thrust upon the public by unscrupulous publishers. But in my opinion these magazines have much more live roots than that. The fact that they may look vulgar to you, who are reading this article, does not mean that they may not prove eventually to have been more important than the polite literature to which you are accustomed. Their very success with the public should itself be a warning to you.

Two things, I believe, are responsible for the amazing circulation of these confessional magazines. One is that the editors, either through instinct or policy, have kept their stories within the experience and comprehension of unsophisticated people. The other, and probably the more important, is that in a country stifled by generations of Puritanism, this is the only kind of air the half-literate can breathe. Just as a nation is usually ripe for war when war finally comes, the American public was ripe for the breaking down of the secrecy and hypocrisy that surrounded any mention of sex. No unscrupulous publisher could have thrust this literature on an unwilling public. Puritanism had reached the saturation point: the sophisticated classes turned to psychoanalysis; the uneducated, to confessional magazines and the tabloid press.

These magazines and newspapers may fairly be grouped together, for they supplement each other to form a complete literature of exposal. The confessional magazines offer a channel for self-exposal; the tabloids lay bare the privacies of others; between them they glean the field. In this article, however, I shall confine myself to the magazines, for it is there, in the public's own crude stories and letters, that you may find its own sense of values laid bare.

What I shall say is based on my personal experience with these magazines. I arrived in New York a number of years ago, fresh from a Texas college and burning with the not unusual ambition of entering some editorial office for the sake of furthering the cause of good literature. Instead, I found myself, after much dusty job-hunting, reading manuscripts in the editorial offices of Bernarr Macfadden. And, to my amazement, I found myself interested.

The stories that I read aroused in me at first the horrified fascination that I might have felt on watching a vivisection. But it was not long before I discovered that I was interested, simply as an ordinary human being who, although she happened to have developed other points of view and habits than the writers of these stories, had essentially the same instincts and needs.

I had imagined, like many people, that the copy for these magazines was turned out cynically by professional writers. One of the first things I learned was that this was largely untrue. Thousands of manuscripts from obscure and illiterate authors accumulated on our desks. Our magazine had promised that the lowliest might unburden themselves, that their names would not be revealed; and all over America people were seizing this opportunity to tell the stories of their lives. These people were not writing for fame, but from the universal impulse to put oneself on record.

After a while, of course, professional writers entered the field, but the first issues of the pioneer confessional magazine were made up of crude, living material, worked into some sort of shape in the office, but with care to renounce good writing rather than lose the slightest flavor of, say, the de-

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partment-store clerk who had sent in her autobiography.

My job was to read manuscripts. But what I read was not the detached reports of literary observers. It was the raw material itself out of which literature and psychology are made: the first-hand confessions of people uncritical enough to be indifferent to, or unaware of, what they were revealing about themselves. Had these stories been written by people only slightly more sophisticated they would have been infinitely less genuine. For as soon as a man acquires the first layers of culture, he learns to pretend before the world, and he describes himself, not as he is, but as he would like to be.

Whatever purpose the publisher of this first confessional magazine may have had, there can be no doubt that he became the Freud of the half-literate. His public accepted his magazine seriously, and talked to it as one might talk to an old friend in a speakeasy, if there were friends one could trust with such secrets. Many of the revelations were shocking to read, but they were seldom made with any intention to shock. They sprang from the half-recognized hope of gaining some inner freedom through confession. Most of these stories, of course, were never published; they were too crude even for rewriting. But they gave the editors the necessary picture of the public for which the magazine was being printed.

One story that I remember particularly came to us from a girl who was an ironer in a laundry. Her life at home was spent in crowded, dirty quarters: a drab routine broken only by quarrels. Probably you and I would have thought her stupid if we had met her. But she had expected more from life than she was able to find in her environment. There was no romance in the laundry, and she saw no hope of it at home. So for years, with a perseverance that was literally heroic, she had saved all she could squeeze from her wages, in order some day to spend a single week-end in a resplendent hotel in a big city. She was prepared to stake the fruits of years on one gamble for a taste of romance. When the night of her great adventure came, she attracted the leer of a truck driver, exactly like the truck drivers she had known at home. And the only man who wanted to spend the night with her was a laundryman's helper. She did not tell us in so many words that she had discovered that she made her environment herself and could never hope to escape from it; but it was plain that she sensed this humbly and confusedly. It was one of the universal stories of the world.

Not all of our contributors did so well. There were some who took advantage of our invitation to enjoy the self-mortification of exaggerating their own faults. Others, especially girls, told us of following their impulses recklessly into the face of danger; but when danger turned into trouble and unhappiness, they whimpered, "My mother never warned me." Sometimes a single phrase in an otherwise dull manuscript revealed the situation. "I used to torment my folks something awful. And now I am sorry—but glad for the experience."

Others achieved an occasional simplicity that would have done credit to any writer. "My childhood," one girl wrote, "was hard on both me and my parents." Or: "I was young and beautiful, but I was stupid." An older woman wrote: "It is a terrible thing to have something stiffen in your soul." On rare occasions a contributor actually manipulated his language. One imaginative youth wrote: "My father was a farmer but loved nature so much that he wouldn't ruin her with a plow. So we were always very poor."

When our writers, like more sophisticated ones, did pretend before the world, it was in such obvious ways that there was no mistaking it. They knew little of the subtle pretense that an artificial culture develops; what they wanted us to believe was merely that they were beautiful, or that they had rich friends, or that they were respected by their neighbors. "I was very beautiful" appeared so often that it seemed to have become a stock phrase. And the more nearly illiterate the manuscript, the more often I stumbled on such claims as: "I also have and use the best manners," or, "Three butlers met us at the door."

These manuscripts came from all kinds of people. Department-store clerks, and their idol the floor walker, contributed generously. Station hands felt moved to tell the stories of their lives, as did the wives of laborers, high-school girls, bellhops, file clerks, stenographers, factory girls, truck drivers and even country ministers. Most of the stories were written by hand and in pencil, sometimes on pink stationery, sometimes on brown paper bags slit down the sides and flattened out. The writer frequently told us that he was sending his story to the magazine in the hope that it would reach the heart of someone who had suffered like himself, or in the hope that someone would profit by his experience; but these reasons were obviously afterthoughts. The telling of the stark tale had come first.

A school of writers has now developed, it is true, who have learned to imitate the crudity and naïveté of the original confessional manuscripts. But to anyone with any experience in these matters, the written-to-order story is easily distinguishable from the genuine one; the professional writer knows the words but he has not undergone the experience. His stories, unfortunately, are now being generally used, for they are easier to prepare for publication. But the editors still urge their readers to send in original material, and they set the tone of their magazines by the thousands of authentic documents that continue to pour in.

The most important theme in practically all of these manuscripts is that of sex, and it is treated with the frankness that only anonymity can give.

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This is precisely the theme that is most hemmed about by reticences and false standards in our polite literature. And since the ugliness of sex has always been the result of shame and secrecy, this confessional literature, unhealthy as much of it undoubtedly now is, can in the long run, by virtue of its authenticity, do only good. It is bringing thoughts of sex out into the open, and, by acquainting its readers with the common experiences of men, it is gradually dissipating the morbid atmosphere that has gathered about certain natural functions. It is following a sound instinct in curing unhealthiness by exposing it to the sun.

And so I can no longer regard the confessional magazines as a menace to the morals or good taste of the American public. Neither morals nor taste can develop without a recognition of the ugly facts. These magazines may be vulgar, but they are genuinely so. They are the useful, natural escape-valves for many thousands of repressions that would otherwise produce shame and hypocrisy. The readers of our more expurgated middle-class magazines are to be commiserated that they have no equally shameless organ of self-analysis. It is better to be crude than to be frustrated and sterile. The confessional literature may look slimy to you, but the slime is fertile with life.

IRMENGARDE EBERLE.

The Biography of Comfort

THE END of Byron's career was one of those instances where a man discovers for himself an action, a life, that expresses him. The genius of St. Francis, to take an example, consisted very often in his being able to do a simple thing that so completely expressed his idea that it became at once a fable. Those last few months of Byron's life in Greece, and especially at Missolonghi, rise and dilate to his inmost, total self. There is a whole list of items to prove it:

Byron thought of himself as more suited to action than to literature; writing poetry in the midst of more serious things, he said to Count Gamba, was ridiculous; for him—though he would not have admitted it—writing was an inescapable propulsion from within, a release, compensation and defense, rather than a beloved pursuit. He had no power of endurance in the smaller details of living the day through, but needed a broad canvas, a large quiet, a vast passion, if he was to function at his fullest. He had a nostalgia for that earlier man that he had once been; and, as the years passed, tore and lashed and mocked because he was unable to destroy his legend or to revive his self. He had a nostalgia for the antique past, for what was heroic, beautiful with tragic time, done with and consummate. He had a nostalgia for freedom, for himself and for mankind. He had tenderness and natural kindness, together with insolence and a sense of rank. He felt that the good things that life had awarded him, the triumphant literary fame, the victorious love, the money and position, had come from nothing deeper in life than its caprice. He had a nature on which things registered themselves with terrible endurance and finality, so that once having had an experience, in thought, people or action, he could never free himself from it. Precisely because of this the verse of Tasso's that he quoted was true of him,

i suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno,

in him his thoughts cannot sleep; and so he craved release from them, in oblivion or evasion, in extravagance or dissipation, or, more fundamentally, he longed for their consummation and absorption in action and life.

And finally he had a violent sense of his inheritance, the Byrons and the Gordons of Gaight, murder, insanity, lust, debts and excesses of all kinds; he felt at the first a romantic sense of all this, a curiosity, vanity and morbid attraction to the darkness and sin of it; but at bottom what he felt was the lure of beautiful surging vitality and abundant life, a Dionysian current and height, without which he could only sentimentalize or mock. His seven months in Greece, among the swamps, fevers and savage troops; his determination to give, though proceeding on reasonable lines, his entire fortune for Greece if need be, his life and abilities; his patience, courage and common sense, admitted by his worst enemies; and finally his bodily agony and death, death coming like that to cut off all later decline into staleness and fitful prose—it is easy to see how in all this Greek episode Byron came out at last into his full expression.

M. Maurois' "Byron"[1] is best in this last stage, as all histories of Byron are. The other admirable part of the book is the account of the little boy left in the hands of his mother, half mad, unhappy, robbed and deserted by the husband she loved so much, and then left by this mother to the care of May Gray, with her Calvinism, neglect, low company, beatings, then put under the treatment of a brutal doctor, the boy's pride, his shame, his sudden resentment of things two or three weeks past, the poverty and all the rest, in those first ten years. Here M. Maurois writes touchingly and with sharp prophetic eye on the later Byron. In both these parts, the first and the last, Byron's outer history expresses his inner,

[1] Byron, by André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.

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and his biographer's problem is therefore different.

The rest of the book takes up, to a limited extent, Byron's works; but for the most part it recounts the stages of his life otherwise, the love affairs and friendships, the relation to Mrs. Leigh, the marriage, the separation, the ostracism, the life in Switzerland, Italy and Greece. It is all very good in its way, written with intelligence, gusto, complaisance and animation. Taking warning, perhaps, from certain criticisms of his "Ariel," the author has supplied more quotations from his sitter —in the book about Shelley you would scarcely have believed him a poet at all save as some poetical hero of a novel, and as you read you never believed him a poet of importance. The interest in the "Byron" is pretty constantly sustained, and anyone ignorant of Byron's poetry—as most people now are, since you can know next to nothing about his work without reading the long poems, "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," and perhaps the letters and journals—would carry away from this volume a feeling of acquaintance and familiarity with the hero. After M. Maurois' account, how clearly one understands Byron's characteristics and actions, adventures and mind!

It will undoubtedly enrage M. Maurois to have it said that in his books on Shelley and Byron he is not unlike M. Guy de Pourtalès, whose "Polonaise" is one of the most censurable books I know. M. de Pourtalès has sentiment and lyric philosophy, mostly Parisian tags, and has fluency and often entertaining babble, but nothing could be more offensive than that at-homeness of his, that ready comment and that air of understanding with ease the great genius that he recreates. M. Maurois' "Ariel" as a comment on English society and the more social and comic aspects of Nordic theorizing and vapor and, at times, unconscious hypocrisy, is delicious light writing. As a picture of Shelley, especially when the book leaves England, it is thin, glib and prattling, everywhere at home, nowhere within the man he talks about. It has something above the aptness and felicity of good café criticism, and it benefits by a certain clearness which derives partly from good French wits and partly from a French lack of suspicion that there is anything beyond this neat, pattery, social definition.

There is, of course, the problem of how much a biography shall deal with Byron's affairs, actions, places, and how much with his mind and his writings, just as we can make no sharp distinction between a thought, a song, a movement—all of them are events. Certainly a flirtation with Lady Frances Webster, coming after all to nothing, is not any more Byron's history than the impulse behind a poem and the poem's year and content. Four chapters on Byron's incestuous relations with his half-sister Augusta are to be commended for their frank statement, but they are not all there is to tell, and having been such enormous matter in Byron's own mind, they can be told with less of an air of knowing adequacy. Byron himself, from morbid sensitiveness, bravura and a natural prose sanity, turned easily toward satirical comment on his emotions and affairs—sometimes he was in a state of irresponsibility as to what he said about anything; he wore a mask, he posed, he could be melodramatic and cheap. But this fact is no reassurance in one's vivacious history of these things that worked on him, for they had their own entity and shadow, and a force that swept him, in their due season, along. And as for the readers of biography, all curiosity and knowledge about such a man's life should be made to pay the price, the fire in it must burn. Concerning a great talent like Byron, it is better to cherish silly feelings and be in the dark than to be flattered into a more barren delusion of understanding, by a certain thin daylight in the presentation.

I must try now to be clear, or I may seem to be implying that mussiness and lack of clarity are signs of depth, a not unknown persuasion among our race; or I may seem to say that Byron's biographer should draw us a moral lesson from him. Well, then:

To recreate a great genius and temperament like Byron requires as much talent as Byron's own; as it was, it took all his blood, technique, scorn and tears to get himself expressed. Much of him can be expressed only in the poems themselves. That, then, is too much to ask. But there is also the comment, the interpretation, to be added by another, the biographer, and that, no doubt, is task enough to daunt anyone. We can ask at least, in M. Maurois' spirited and urbane narrative, some hint of a great shadow, the pause and check of mystery. And sometimes we could do with less of that misleading effect of clarity which often is only a case of being so pat in saying a thing that you end by saying something else.

I am not implying that M. Maurois is playing a game with his subject, but that he is merely bright, slight, adept and socially intelligent, and should tread with more fear and wonder in certain fields. The wit, the skill and the care in his "Byron" only partially cover the lack of depth in the portraits. Miss Mayne, no less sophisticated but more enmeshed in the living substance she deals with, depicts Byron, Lady Byron, Augusta—though not the Countess Guiccioli, who is slighted in both these writers—much better. Byron reading this volume might have reflected that he preferred to seem so to most men, but certainly he would not have believed any more than I do that this man of M. Maurois' could have written "Don Juan" or the tormented "Manfred," or much else beyond some witty pieces, not to be despised.

Not the moral problem, then, in such biographies as this, but at least a reminder of the tragic content. Not so spry, certain, at ease, bland and oblivious when you are keeping the perilous company of great men.

STARK YOUNG.

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Washington Notes

THE PLIGHT of the Republican party as it approaches the mid-term elections appears to me truly pathetic. If anything further can happen to depress the spirits of its leaders, managers, workers and wheel horses, I cannot at this moment think what it is. Just look at the situation—a business depression which extends the country over and appears to deepen with every cheery White House pronouncement; a tariff bill so bad that it has no friends in either party—its sponsors were actually disappointed not to have it choked to death in the Senate instead of being passed; a committee chairman with a spotty reputation, who is so badly discredited by lobby revelations as to be an incubus upon the party and a warning against campaign contributions; a factional division within the party deeper and more bitter than has existed since 1910; its majority shot to pieces in the Senate and the whole year's work of Congress nullified by the character of the legislation passed; complete lack of harmony and understanding between the President and the official party leaders in House as well as Senate; primary fights in three of the greatest Republican states sufficiently fierce to make the chances of their electing Democratic Senators better than even; a recognized revolt among regular Republicans against prohibition such as has not threatened before; a condition of party demoralization in New York that makes the reëlection of a Democratic Governor there this fall conceded.

It would be possible to add a few more to the list, but this seems enough. Never in my recollection has there been so much hard luck in so short a period of time as has been visited upon the unfortunate Herbert. Nothing seems to go right with him. A jinx pursues him. One untoward incident follows another, until the practical politicians closest to him are becoming discouraged and disheartened, waiting for the Chief to get a "break." As a result of the undoubtedly low political state of the administration and the degree of frustration and futility that has marked its dealings with Congress, there will be in this campaign less "pointing with pride" by Republican candidates and fewer appeals to "uphold the hands of the President" than have marked any off-year fight in a long time. They are proceeding on the theory that Mr. Hoover has lost his popularity in the country, and that the less tightly they tie themselves up to him as candidates, the better it will be. Whether or not this is a sound idea, time alone will tell.

Certainly, Mr. Hoover is most poisonously unpopular in Washington. Never have I seen the time when there was meaner talk about the occupant of the White House than there is today. Nor do I recall any administration in which so many people, in his own party as well as in the opposition, seemed to harbor personal animosity toward the Chief Executive.

Always there is this sort of feeling in Washington toward the President, no matter who he is. The point I make is that it is more pronounced and more malignant toward this President than toward others. Some of the reasons for this I gave a week or two ago. Often these Washington animosities mean little or nothing, are not reflected in the country and have no political importance. Were it not for this almost incredible hard luck of Hoover's, probably they would be just as unimportant this time. Now, however, they are combined with the extraordinary political liabilities before mentioned, the unimpeded output of the expert and elaborate Democratic propaganda machine, and the active hostility of a considerable number of the "gentlemen of the press," personally offended in one way or another. The combination makes the Washington feeling at least seem to be more in tune with the feeling outside than it has been before. At any rate, visiting politicians who used to scoff at the anti-White House poison squads, contrasting them with the "folks back home," don't laugh things off the way they used to. In brief, it is not to be denied that at this time the Hoover administration is "in bad." The best indication of this is the disposition of Republican candidates to make their fights wholly on local issues and without any particular declaration of close adherence to the President. The reason they have not done that in the past is because they wanted to "muscle in" on presidential popularity. This time they cannot see any votes to be gained in that way.

It is, of course, possible that before November the tide may turn for Hoover and all over the country we may hear from Republican senatorial and House candidates blatant protestations of admiration and affection for "our great President." Also it is possible that the politicians and political observers may be mistaken; the people as a whole may not be as strongly against Mr. Hoover as they allege. Frequently our most astute politicians entirely misconceive the popular mind, and they may be doing so this time. It does seem almost beyond belief that a candidate elected by such an overwhelming majority as was Mr. Hoover should, within fifteen months, lose caste with the country as completely as his enemies contend, as a good many not his enemies believe and as some who are really his friends partially concede. Particularly does it seem incredible when there exists no special sin of omission or commission and no series of sins or mistakes of sufficient importance to effect such a change, when the impression that he has "fallen down" on his job is largely due to Democratic propaganda, which has magnified his troubles with Congress and his personal political ineptitude. My personal conviction is now and has always been that the Hoover administration and Mr. Hoover himself will improve in popularity and strength in exact ratio with the improvement of business conditions. Regardless of the result of the fall elections, if in the last two years of his term prosperity returns, all talk of another candidate in 1932 will disappear and Hoover will be generally regarded as a successful President. Actually, there is nothing much to national politics except economic conditions.

I think, however, it should be mentioned that poor Herbert did get a small "break" in the Pennsylvania primaries. Had Old Joe Grundy been successful there, it would have been generally interpreted as a blow to the administration, inasmuch as Old Joe had made it plain in various and sundry, not to say sinister, ways that he had no opinion of Herbert as a man, a President or a Republican. Had Old Joe been renominated he would have been at heart almost as anti-administration in the Senate as

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Borah or Brookhart, though for slightly different reasons. It seems clear that Herbert knew this and favored the Honorable Davis, who, as a statesman, is certainly no bargain and as a Cabinet member has been more or less something to be borne with. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover preferred him to Old Joe, the best evidence of this being that the President permitted him to make his campaign without resigning from the Cabinet, thus enabling him to keep the prestige of his position and appear to be the administration candidate.

It is not much of a gain for Herbert to have a Vare-Atterbury-backed Senator from Pennsylvania, but it is better than having Old Joe. Incidentally, it should be mentioned, before they are too far forgotten, that the primary results end for all time the legend of Mellon political power in Pennsylvania. They leave the august Andrew without so much as a semblance of that leadership which had been attributed to him and which he never had. They leave the dreadful Vare supreme boss of the Pennsylvania Republican party, in position not only to name the delegates to the next national convention, but to say for whom and for what they shall vote. He practically did that in 1928. If he lives, his complete party dominance will be much clearer in 1932. It is entirely likely that he will have more to do with the selection of the next Republican national ticket than will any other individual. Certainly he will have more votes than anyone else in the 1932 convention. That's a sweet thought with which to close this chapter.

Washington. T. R. B.

Films, Russian and American

TWO interesting motion pictures have lately been on display in New York. One of them is Russian and one American, and they are in some ways characteristic of the present outlook and modes of thought in those countries. Of the two, the Russian picture is the more important. It was made by one of the two or three outstanding directors in the world today—Sergei Eisenstein, who created that masterpiece, "The Cruiser Potemkin."

His present work, called "The Old and the New," is frankly and utterly a piece of Soviet propaganda to glorify the mechanization of agriculture. Intended primarily, no doubt, to be shown to benighted farmers at home, it attacks the Russian Orthodox Church, the *kulak*, or rich peasant, and all old-fashioned ways. With shameless lack of logic, but great narrative skill, Eisenstein first shows us the failure of the priests to break a drought by means of religious processions through the fields, and at once contrasts this with the success of a cream separator whose miracle, being based on science, comes true. The other high spots of the story are the wedding of the blooded bull who is to improve the quality of the village herd—a passage which one hears has been sadly Bowdlerized for the American public—and the coming of the tractor, an episode which well illustrates the unreasoning adoration of machinery for its own sake in Russia today, no doubt a natural product of the great struggle to mechanize a country most of whose people are still living in the eighteenth century.

It is a measure of Eisenstein's genius that he is able to make such a film, which in unskillful hands would be intolerably dull, not merely interesting but intensely exciting. When the cream finally comes from the separator (an old-fashioned hand separator, incidentally, of the sort familiar in the United States at least as early as 1895) the audience cheers; as the balky tractor at last drags its long line of wagons across the fields and over the hilltops, you feel as though the forces of evil had been vanquished. The envious *kulaks* poison the prize bull, and while he slowly expires your heart goes down with his drooping head. The propaganda purpose is certainly a grave handicap to the artistic success of the film as a whole; from first to last you feel the fetters by which the director was bound, so that the final product has a closer kinship to a government blue book than to, say, the "Ode to the West Wind"; but this does not prevent the individual passages from being magnificent. The use of the camera is dexterous, and the rhythm of the scenes—as for instance when the rows of peasants, on their knees, are rising and falling while they pray for rain—reveals a mastery which excels anything I have ever seen out of Hollywood.

While the Russians are thus glorifying the machine age which is still so far away from them, and of which they dream so wistfully, it is amusing to note that some, at least, of the Americans who have experienced it at first hand are turning to something quite different. The only significant film to be produced in this country for a long time is a semi-amateur affair, "The Silent Enemy," dealing with life among the Indians in the Hudson Bay country before the coming of Columbus. It was done, with the vague blessing of the American Museum of Natural History, by William D. Burden and William C. Chanler, and directed by H. P. Carver. The players are all Indians; the story, like that of Schoedsack and Cooper's "Grass," deals with a year-long fight against famine, which ends only when the tribe struggles into the barren lands of the far North and finds the crossing-place of a monster herd of caribou. The value of the film is not in any artistic creation by its director; it lies in the extraordinary pictorial beauty of the scenes depicted—icy northern streams and lakes, forest glades, a blizzard above the Arctic Circle; in the portrayal, apparently authentic in detail, of savage rituals, and in some exciting records of animal life: a fight between a bear and a mountain lion, for instance, and another between a bull moose and a pack of timber wolves.

I am not naïvely suggesting that the qualities of the film are accidental; the men who made it obviously knew exactly what they wanted, and were indefatigable in getting it. But the merits of the picture lie in certain external qualities it presents, external both to the director's imagination and to the hearts and minds of the actors. It is, in the current jargon of the psychologists, an extrovert product; whereas Eisenstein's work, propagandist though it is, and full of admiring pictures of revolving wheels, is essentially the creation of the artist projecting a certain pattern, from within himself, upon the outside world. One fancies, thinking about these things, that America might well send "The Silent Enemy" to Russia and say, "This is what living too long with too much machinery does to people. Think twice, before you commit yourselves irrevocably to the same course."

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Free Thought" and Free Thinking

SIR: The interesting presentation of "Religion and the Soviets" by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in your May 7 issue says of the Communists, "They openly encourage free thought." In the next paragraph we read that "The Church suffers, as does every organized body of opinion, save Communism, from the suppression of the free printing press," and also that its leaders must do their work under the eyes of a vigilant police, which is prompt to cast them into prison if they do anything which can be called "counter-revolutionary." What an interesting way to "encourage free thought"! Without holding any brief for the Orthodox Russian Church in its lowest forms, I might venture to say that its mistakes and tyrannies are not corrected by a repetition of similar tyrannies under another name. The true liberal will denounce such action wherever he finds it. It is the extreme bias of American liberalism, exhibited, for instance, in its attitude towards Church and State in Mexico, which has alienated so many sincere thinkers who seek more light and less heat. . . .

That children under eighteen should be forbidden to receive any religious instruction is accepted by Mr. Brailsford as a sound principle—even though he admits that Communists have full sway for propaganda in Russian schools. The prohibition of religious instruction would, if extended, make all education impossible. It denies the contribution of religion to the child mind—a contribution which can be given only at that time and which, if deliberately denied, means a permanent loss to human character.

CHARLES A. HART.

Washington, D. C.

A Proletarian Novel?

SIR: I will be thankful if you will let me say a few words in answer to Melvin Levy's criticism of my book, "Jews Without Money" [The New Republic, March 26]. He has said that my book is a failure when judged by the standards of proletarian literature. I submit myself to these standards; indeed, I have fought for their recognition for more than ten years.

In every nation of the world large groups of the younger literary men are beginning to perceive that the bourgeois tendencies and schools of writing have fallen into decadence. Futilitarianism, sophistication and *petit bourgeois* despair have run their full course and everything now must be repetition. Can there be any further disintegration of the bourgeois mind than is evidenced in the masterpieces of Joyce and Proust? Even your own Edmund Wilson, in his classic analysis of the Symbolists, has taken note of this grand collapse of bourgeois literature. The new health, the new life values and world syntheses, are coming to us from young writers of Germany, Russia, China, Japan, Hungary, Mexico and other lands where the class struggle is forging a new human world. These writers find their spiritual sources in the working-class heroism, not in the middle-class disintegration.

It is always curious to me to see how miserably informed are the American liberal writers on the vast universe of new economics, politics, literature, education, etc., that is rising like a volcanic island out of the modern sea of bourgeois chaos. Our intellectuals will spend years studying the works of Rimbaud or of dozens of other minor psychopaths and poets. But they have no time to do the most elementary reading of the host of books that explain such great social events as the Russian Revolution and the literature and art that have sprung up in its train: the paintings of Rivera, the movies of Eisenstein, the novels, poems, dramas of the most gifted of the younger generation everywhere. Which leads me to congratulate The New Republic on permitting criticism such as Levy's to appear in its rather academic pages. This, indeed, is a stir of life! But I think Comrade Levy is too dogmatic in his application of the proletarian canon.

There is nothing finished or dogmatic in proletarian thought and literature. We cannot afford it. We are pioneers moving through a hostile and virgin forest. It would be fatal for us to have fixed minds. Proletarian literature is taking many forms. There is not a standard model which all writers must imitate, or even a standard set of thoughts. There are no precedents. Each writer has to find his own way. All that unites us, and all we have for guide, is the revolutionary spirit. If this spirit does not exist in a book, that book has no place in proletarian literature.

To my mind, it is the task of each proletarian writer to describe that portion of proletarian life with which he is most saturated. It is such an immense new field that he simply cannot cover it all; he cannot even do as he ought, but as he must. Comrade Levy's complaint is obscure even to himself, but I think that he expected me to write a novel about a strike in a steel mill or in some other heavy industry. He is disappointed because I wrote about tenement-house Jewish workers instead, and in writing of them did not include the Triangle fire and the great garment strikes.

Yet I could do nothing else honestly and emotionally at the time. I could only describe what I had seen with my own eyes. I did not want to falsify the emotional values, and bring in material that I did not feel. I do not believe any good writing can come out of this mechanical application of the spirit of proletarian literature. In America, where everything is confused, we must begin humbly with the things we know best.

It is difficult to write proletarian literature in this country, because all the critics are bourgeois. If a Thornton Wilder writes books in praise of the Catholic theology, or if a Robinson Jeffers preaches universal pessimism and mass-suicide, that is art. But if a revolutionary writer, even by implication, shows the social ideals that are stirring in the heart of the working class, he is called a propagandist. This taunt which one meets on every side creates a powerful psychic force which proletarian writers will have to learn to ignore. I will admit it has set up inhibitions in my own mind that I have not yet overcome. Perhaps Levy has perceived this in "Jews Without Money," but I assure him that it is hard to overcome in a first book. It will take other books; it will take a group literature and collective experimentation before we can feel as easy in our proletarian world as every bourgeois writer feels in his. Meanwhile, let us not fear to be crude or propagandistic. We are going somewhere; the rest of literature is sinking into the arms of Catholicism, and death.

Levy misses another thing in my book, I think. He says my "father" in the book is a worker having a bourgeois psychology. Of course he is! That is precisely the point of the book. He is an immigrant who came here expecting to get rich quick, like so many other immigrants who have dreamed of the Promised Land. But he sinks lower and lower into poverty; he discovers that for the working class there can be no promised land where capitalism functions, but only hunger, unemployment, bitterness, degradation. Isn't this enough of a revolutionary theme for one book?

Beacon, N. Y. MICHAEL GOLD.

Mr. Pound in Defense of Mr. Putnam

SIR: I find Mr. R. Guthrie's review in yr. issue of March 26 incredible in the sense that Mr. Guthrie's statement, in the form given, is extremely difficult to believe. The exigencies of reviewing make it difficult for Mr. Guthrie or anyone else to say anything adequate about Rabelais on a page and a half, let alone to contrast two commentaries and a full translation.

The expressed misgivings as to Rabelais' satirical temper will certainly seem ridiculous to anyone who has read Books I and II of Gargantua, whether Mr. Guthrie agree or disagree with Drs. Nock and Wilson.

The value, or at any rate one very great value, of Rabelais being that he not only threw out a vast deal of the pietistic bunk of his age, but also declined to kowtow to dead pagans merely because of their antiquity.

It is, however, when Mr. G. attacks Mr. Putnam that the form of his statement arouses the greater misgiving. There is no presented reason and I doubt if there is a presentable reason for not trying to do better than Urquart. The difficulty of the job is certainly *not* such a reason. Neither is there any reason for

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refusing to attempt a translation into American. If the result show the contemporary American speech less rich than that of Urquart that result wd. be suitable subject for discussion. In the matter of detail I suspect that "flip-flap" is as comprehensible to the normal American reader as "braguette."

The question of "slang" versus neologism has hardly been touched in general discussion. There are plenty of professional men, college graduates and even professors who wd. consider boozing, darn, dern or durn as either slang or neologism. If braguette exists at all in the American language I am inclined to think it persists as a bookword or affectation and not as part of the spoken language, and that Mr. Putnam was therefore perfectly right in rejecting it.

In any case Mr. Putnam certainly did not "coin" the word flip-flap, and Mr. Guthrie's statement that Rabelais was indifferent to his subject matter is "pernicious and subversive." By which I mean that if Mr. Guthrie has considered his third paragraph seriously it has a subjective meaning for himself to which he fails to give comprehensible form.

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy.

Poets, Attention!

SIR: The Mark Twain Society is offering ten dollars for the best original poem on Mark Twain. There are no other restrictions. All poems should reach us by June 1.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Mayfield, Calif.

Nullification

SIR: The famous Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 and 1799 were in opposition to the federal Alien and Sedition Laws, and laid the groundwork for the doctrine of nullification. The Pennsylvania House of Representatives (February 9, 1799) replied to Kentucky with resolutions that contained the following statement:

> The voice of the greater number the constitution declares shall pronounce the national will; but in the opinion of this House the provision is vain, unless it be followed by the unfeigned and practical acquiescence of the minor part. Loud and concerted appeals to the passions of the community are calculated to produce discussions more boisterous than wise, and effects more violent than useful. Our prayer therefore is, that our country may be saved from foreign war and domestic strife.

This was a forthright declaration by the state of Pennsylvania in one of the first crises of our national life. In the present clamor for nullification of the prohibition laws this early pronouncement again becomes pertinent.

R. W. KELSEY.

Haverford, Pa.

Commonwealth College

SIR: Never before in the history of the country has there been an equal need for workers who have thought through the problems of the civilization of their day, and so are equipped to judge objectively the various proposals for social reforms and to unite so to effect those of the greatest promise. The whole tendency of modern civilization is to divert workers from such a task to the adoption of second-hand ideas and to the enjoyment of cheap amusements. As a result we have corrupt politics and gross social maladjustment. At Commonwealth College, the attention of workers is riveted upon each of the essential problems of modern life. Through the systematic consideration of those problems the workers come to understand themselves as individuals and society as a whole, and are made efficient servants of the labor movement in the achievement of its social purposes.

On the expenditures of only $5,000 a year, of which $2,500 is a yearly deficit, the college feeds and houses its students and teachers, supplies heat, light and laundry service, makes constant improvements in its equipment, publishes a paper and cultivates 160 acres of farm land—all by the use of the labor of its teachers and students for twenty hours a week. The teachers and students do this industrial work in order that Commonwealth College—unlike any other educational institution—shall not ask others to supply what it can secure for itself. We hope that readers of The New Republic who believe that a spirit of self-reliance should be encouraged in American education instead of one of sycophancy, with the resultant loss of academic freedom, may care to aid us to meet our deficit of the next three years. We hope after that, with greater capital equipment, to be entirely self-supporting. A gift of $10 to Commonwealth College is equal to $100 to any other institution, because here the money will be spent largely for capital equipment which will be used for years by the members of the college in securing their living from the soil, and not on consumption goods as would be the case elsewhere.

GEORGE YEISLEY RUSK.

Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark.

Birth Control and the Chinese Famine

SIR: The following paragraphs are from a letter I have written to Mr. Grover Clark, with reference to his article, "The Chinese Famine," in The New Republic of May 28, 1930:

> I suppose the one real and permanent remedy for famine—birth control—was outside the scope of your article; yet it seems to me that you might well have referred to it. Irrigation works and the like may defer famine a few years, possibly a generation or two; but all such schemes are just as essentially palliative, not curative, as the momentary distribution of food. So long as breeding goes on to the physiological limit, a surplus population is inevitably produced, sooner or later, which war, pestilence or famine will remove. The ultimate effect of irrigation works, with unlimited reproduction, will be a greater number of miserable lives and miserable deaths.
>
> I have some notion of the very great difficulty of spreading these ideas in China; but they must be spread if recurrent famines are to be permanently avoided. Meantime, it is worth while, I believe, to spread them in this country.

Ithaca, N. Y. CHARLES E. EDGERTON.

To Make War Impossible

SIR: To make international war impossible or at least improbable has been the aim of many efforts throughout history. All such efforts are helpful. But the only practicable method which seems fairly certain completely to eliminate the possibility of war is the refusal by the citizens of the disputing powers to fight each other.

It would be unnecessary to require that all citizens should at the outset refuse to fight, in order to stop war; the refusal of even a comparatively small minority would be sufficient to embarrass the governments of the countries attempting to wage war to the point of preventing it. For it would prove impracticable to jail or execute an absolutely considerable, though relatively small, number of citizens; and neither voluntary enlistment nor conscription would prove feasible if a considerable body of citizens were steadfastly and successfully refusing to take part in the "defense" obligations required of them. This deterrent to war would work simultaneously in all countries concerned, and would not jeopardize the safety of any of them.

Yet the position of the absolutist and universal war-resister is not desirable or necessary. A genuinely defensive war, against the invasion of a fanatical and irresponsible horde, is still possible, though unlikely. In such a case, all citizens should aid. But the likely war is one which is alternative to a sensible method of settling the dispute. In that case, it is the duty of individuals to bring about a non-violent resolution of the difficulty by refusing their aid to any other method. And now is the proper time to determine on such a course of action, when prejudice and propaganda are relatively nonexistent.

ARTHUR MINOT REED.

Boston, Mass.

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Trotzky's Career

My Life: An Attempt at an Autobiography, by Leon Trotzky. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 599 pages. $5.

BY NATURAL inclination," says Trotzky in the foreword to his autobiography, "I have nothing in common with seekers after adventure." His life, however, has been so crowded with colorful events, so fraught with danger and excitement, as to furnish excellent material for a *roman d'aventure*. A professional revolutionary, Trotzky has known imprisonment, exile, defeat. He has tasted power. Now, once more an exile, from his refuge on Prinkipo he takes the measure of his past and, like the seasoned fighter that he is, finds in his memories a source of new strength, incentive for yet one more attack.

The soldier who has fought a battle is seldom qualified to act as its historian. He lacks perspective and detachment. The Bolshevik revolution has at all times been so closely interwoven with the fabric of Trotzky's life that an objective appraisal of its weaknesses and achievements could hardly be expected from him. Nor is this his purpose. "This," he announces, "is a book of polemics. . . . In these pages, I continue the struggle to which my whole life is devoted. Describing, I also characterize and evaluate; narrating, I also defend myself, and more often attack." As a result, the book is more than a history or an autobiography: it is an historical document which should prove invaluable to those who, in the fullness of time, will attempt to write a history of the revolution.

The son of a hard-working Jewish landholder in southern Russia, Trotzky was brought up in a middle-class environment from which the discussion of political problems was tacitly excluded. In Odessa, where he lived with relatives while attending school, he heard fragmentary references to the issues which were then agitating Russia. It was not until he was seventeen that he began to acquaint himself with political literature. Marxism repelled him at first, because it appeared to be a completed system of thought, which allowed of no independent conclusions. He met political exiles, and with youthful enthusiasm took part in their underground activities. Arrested in 1898, he was exiled to Siberia in 1900, escaping two years later with the connivance of his first wife. In London he met Lenin, who was then engaged in the publication of "Iskra," the organ of the Russian Social Democratic party. Lenin welcomed him with his usual simplicity, and brought him into the inner circle of the men who were then his intimates—Plekhanov, Martov and others. To Lenin, Trotzky pays a warm tribute: "He was my master. This does not mean that I repeated his words and gestures a bit late, but that I learned from him to arrive independently at the same decision."

On questions of party organization, however, Trotzky was not at one with Lenin. At the historical Second Congress of the Russian Social Democratic party, 1903, which saw the split of the party into two groups—Bolsheviks and Mensheviks—Trotzky sided with the Mensheviks, and opposed Lenin's demand for centralization. "Independently I still could not see Lenin's centralism as the logical conclusion of a clear revolutionary concept. And the desire to see a problem independently, and to draw all the necessary conclusions from it, has always been my most imperious intellectual necessity."

Trotzky, however, did not feel at home in the Menshevik camp, and resigned from membership in September, 1903. In 1905 he returned to Russia, and took an active part in the organization of the Petrograd Soviet. The failure of the revolution did not discourage him; he viewed it merely as a prologue to the future. No longer an apprentice in the revolutionary school, he felt that he possessed the gift of "revolutionary intuition."

Exiled to Siberia, he escaped under picturesque circumstances, and withdrew from party conflicts to Vienna, where he remained with his family until the outbreak of the World War. In Vienna he published a Russian newspaper, in collaboration with Joffe. The early days of the War found him in Paris, once more engaged in journalistic activities. The French government, at the demand of the Tzarist ambassador, deported him to Spain, where he barely had time to acquaint himself with Spanish painting and the Spanish language when he was invited to board a ship which was bound for Havana. Trotzky finally prevailed with the authorities to change his destination, with the result that in January, 1917, he and his family landed in New York.

The New World did not impress Trotzky during his brief sojourn. "In ideas the Socialist party of the United States lagged far behind even European patriotic Socialism." For Hillquit he had nothing but contempt: "A Babbitt of the Babbitts." Eugene Debs he regarded as a sincere revolutionary. It was without regret, however, that he left New York when he learned of the March revolution in Russia.

In Petrograd he was once more in his element. He was elected chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, and was one of the leaders of the group which opposed all compromises with the Mensheviks. Of him Lenin said that "after Trotzky had become convinced of the impossibility of union with the Mensheviks, there had been no better Bolshevik." The pages Trotzky devotes to the fateful October days of the Bolshevik revolution rise to the height of lyricism. The simplicity of the men stands in sharp contrast to the magnitude of the events in which they were taking part. Lenin expressed their common emotion. "'You know,' he says hesitatingly, 'from persecution and a life underground, to come so suddenly into power. . . .' He pauses for the right word. *'Es schwindelt,'* he concludes, changing suddenly into German, and circling his hand around his head. We look at each other and laugh a little. All this takes only a minute or two; then a simple 'passing to next business.'"

Work was not lacking. A government had to be formed. Laws had to be promulgated. "Everything had to proceed from the beginning. There were no 'precedents,' since history had none to offer." It was during this first period, according to Trotzky, who at that time was People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, that Lenin displayed with particular force his great creative imagination, his ability to combine vision with realism.

Trotzky's own task was not an easy one. He had to obtain peace with Germany and her allies in order to permit the government to consolidate its position in Russia. At Brest-Litovsk he attempted to win peace at any price. The continuance of war was impossible. The German terms, however, were so onerous that many Bolsheviks advocated the resumption of hostilities. Trotzky expressed his policy in the slogan, "neither war nor peace." Such a policy could bear fruit only if the Germans did not find themselves strong enough to attack the Russians. Lenin, however, was convinced that the revolution must be safeguarded, come what might; the German ultimatum was answered by complete capitulation. On March 3, 1918, the Russian delegation signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk without reading it. Trotzky had already resigned

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his post, and had been appointed People's Commissar for War and chairman of the Supreme War Council.

He entered upon his new duties with zest, with the feeling that the situation called for the greatest creative ability on his part. "There was no food. There was no army. The railways were disorganized. The machinery of state was just beginning to take shape. Conspiracies were being hatched everywhere. . . . The situation seemed hopeless." Despite these obstacles, in two and a half years, while the Soviet government was fighting off sixteen counter-revolutionary armies, Trotzky succeeded in building up an excellent disciplined army and in supplying it with the necessary equipment. In a specially organized train Trotzky traveled along the various fronts, giving encouragement here, criticizing there, and everywhere strengthening the morale of troops grown weary of war and revolution. "Upon the ashes of the Great War, the Bolsheviks created a new army. . . . The strongest cement in the new army was the ideas of the October revolution."

Even during these years, Stalin, who, in 1917, had appeared to Trotzky to be a "barely perceptible shadow," fomented intrigues in the army and in Moscow, in the hope of discrediting Trotzky. Lenin, however, showed the utmost confidence in Trotzky. "In most cases, the decisions that Lenin and I arrived at independently of each other were identical in all essentials. . . . Our disagreements were the exception. . . ." Trotzky claims that he was the first to demand the abolition of "war communism." This demand, however, was rejected by the party, and Trotzky's subsequent attempt to obtain the rigid enforcement of "war" methods brought him into conflict with Lenin, who had not yet reached a decision in the matter. The formulation of the New Economic Policy by Lenin in 1921 received the support of Trotzky, to whom it appeared merely as a renewal of the proposals he had made in 1920.

The appointment of Stalin to the post of Secretary-General of the Communist party was made, according to Trotzky, against the will of Lenin. No great importance, however, was attached at the time to this appointment. "Under Lenin the post . . . could have only a technical character, never political." Stalin, however, found it possible to use his office as a stepping-stone to dictatorship.

The conflict which developed between Lenin and Trotzky on the one hand and Stalin and his supporters on the other, during the year which preceded Lenin's death, is dramatic in the extreme. Trotzky quotes Lenin's "will," which depicted Stalin as "rude, disloyal, and capable of abuse of the power that he derives from the party apparatus." Lenin added: "Stalin should be removed to avoid a split." Trotzky gives evidence to the effect that Lenin intended to form a Lenin-Trotzky bloc to combat the influence of Stalin and his associates, and to appoint Trotzky as his successor. Lenin's illness and death prevented the execution of these plans. Stalin profited by the interregnum created by Lenin's death and Trotzky's illness and absence in the south, to consolidate his power. He seized upon the Lenin legend, perpetuated it, and undertook to play the part of the master's disciple. "The success of [Stalin's] campaign required either a Lenin who was fatally ill, or his embalmed corpse in a mausoleum."

Trotzky does not analyze the issues on which he and Stalin were actually in conflict. Familiar as those issues are from Trotzky's earlier book, "The Real Situation in Russia," a restatement would have clarified the latter portions of his autobiography. The conflict centered about practical problems—the agrarian question, the tempo of industrialization, the prospects of a world revolution—as well as about the organization of the party. Fundamentally, Trotzky belonged to the past, to the period of revolutionary upheaval. The period of reconstruction called for patience, for the slow consolidation of the positions already won. Whatever his faults—and Trotzky catalogues them at length, with merciless irony—Stalin appeared to be in harmony with the feeling of the times. This Trotzky does not deny. "In the country itself, processes were shaping themselves that one may sum up under the general name of reaction."

"Revolution is a great devourer of men and character." Trotzky must have evolved this phrase when, at the Fifteenth Congress of the Communist party, already shorn of all important offices, he and his friends, described as "the opposition," were expelled *en bloc,* and were placed at the disposal of the G. P. U. Exiled to Alma-Alta in Central Asia, Trotzky, pen in hand, continued his struggle with Stalin. In December, 1928, the G. P. U. demanded that he relinquish the direction of the opposition; he was warned that, should he fail to do so, measures would be taken to "isolate" him from political life. Upon his refusal to comply with this ultimatum, he was deported to Constantinople "on a charge of counter-revolutionary activity." The circle has been completed. Trotzky's revolutionary record precludes him from entering the capitalistic states which he had once decried; his "counter-revolutionary" activities prevent him from returning to Russia as long as the present government is in power. Undaunted by the new turn of events, Trotzky finds consolation in caustic attacks on Stalin, whom he characterizes as "the outstanding mediocrity in the party." Whether or not the future historian of the revolution will concur in this verdict is a question which must remain as yet unanswered.

VERA MICHELES DEAN.

The Poetry of Stanley Kunitz

Intellectual Things, by Stanley J. Kunitz. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 63 pages. $2.

MR. KUNITZ is basically sound. His faults, though they invade a good many poems in one measure or another, are mainly, one gathers, incidental to one of the most ambitious struggles taking place in the field of contemporary verse. In his weaker moments he slips into a kind of pseudo-intellectual and excessively facile statement, a neat and shallow assumption of more feeling than is actually conveyed, the kind of thin cleverness that one associates with Elinor Wylie and most of our minor "metaphysical" women. The fault is a kind of perceptive numbness that manifests itself in the guise mainly of claptrap meter: the line is not alive in detail. One meets the same fault in the weaker poems of Miss Bogan, who, even in her best pieces, say "Simple Autumnal," is probably a somewhat less sensitive metrist than the H. D. of "Orchard," "At Ithaca" and the initial stanza of "Phædra." There is nothing in this volume by Mr. Kunitz of as fine a texture as the best of Miss Bogan; yet he is, in a sense, more ambitious and sure of where he is going—he covers more ground, just as Miss Bogan covers more ground than does H. D.

The situation is really rather curious. There is no precedent for this vice in the much quoted but inade-

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quately studied school of Donne. If the modern followers of Donne would take the trouble to isolate two or three of the best poems of the school, such pieces, say, as Herbert's "Church Monuments," and saturate themselves in the poems for long periods, mastering all of the complex relationships of stanza-structure and line-structure to syntax, of accent to accent, observing the infinitely fluid perceptiveness of the meter from moment to moment, they would learn more than I can here detail. They could learn something similar from an intelligent study of Dr. Williams, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Pound, and possibly of a few other members of the giant race before the new dispensation. Those elderly primitives now, doubtless, growing stout in obscurity, regardless of their faults, believed in the importance of learning to write. And they believed in it quite properly—the poet must not only cultivate his metaphysics, he must sandpaper his fingertips. Of the generation now under forty, Mr. Tate and Mr. Crane alone, in a few pieces, seem to have risen to the difficulty in the spirit of their elders.

It would be as injudicious to hit on this weakness as the definitive quality of the work of Mr. Kunitz, however, as it was a couple of years ago for the reviewers to hit on general shapelessness as the definitive quality of Mr. Tate. One hopes that Mr. Kunitz will fare better than Mr. Tate—not that he is intrinsically more deserving, but that he is deserving of vastly more intelligent appraisal than Mr. Tate received. One feels in his poetry none of the awkward one-sidedness that one finds in nearly all of even the most brilliant poetry this side of Mr. Robinson. The experience with which Mr. Kunitz deals is normal, rich and complex; he is firm on his feet, and, now and again, quick on them. He has experimented with a syntactic instrument which, when he controls it, enables him to achieve tremendously vigorous syntheses:

> Of hypochondriacs that gnawed their seasons
> In search of proofs, Lessius found twenty-two
> Fine arguments, Tolet gave sixty reasons
> Why souls survive. And what are they to you?
> And, father, what to me, who cannot blur
> The crystal brain with fantasies of Er,
>
> Remembering such factual spikes as pierce
> The supplicating palms, and by the sea
> Remembering the eyes I hear the fierce
> Wild cry of Jesus on the holy tree,
> Yet have of you no syllable to keep,
> Only the deep rock crumbling in the deep.

The complexity and weight of his syntax are occasionally increased by devices learned from Mr. Cummings, as in the close of the following stanza:

> Only, when loosening clothes, you lean
> Out of your window sleepily,
> And with luxurious, lidded mien
> Sniff at the bitter dark—dear she,
> Think somewhat gently of, between
> Love ended and beginning, me.

The device here is one of suspended meaning: the weight of the entire sentence is deposited at once on the final word. This and similar devices inaugurated by Mr. Cummings and adopted here and there by other poets of the same age or younger (Mr. Tate and Mr. MacLeish, for example) would seem definitely to have affected and in all likelihood enriched poetic syntax; they are new and seem to have their proper uses.

One can pick from Mr. Kunitz a good many isolated passages which possess a curiously colorless magnificence. I offer two:

> That from my mammoth, cold and featureless
> Event of age, my enemies will flee.
>
> The dead would murder action. Oh, I know
> Their subtle ways. They separate with fear
> The fiery lips of thought. And I shall go
> By silent lanes and leave you timeless here.

The second of these is from the best poem in the book, "In a Strange House," which falls short of being a great poem mainly because of an abominable fourth line. "Organic Bloom" and "For the Word Is Flesh" are nearly equal to this poem in beauty. The second level is to be found in such things as "Change," "Promise Me," "The Words of the Preacher," "Ambergris," "Benediction," "Master and Mistress," "Beyond Reason," and "Vita Nuova." Even at his second best, Mr. Kunitz will bear a great deal of very careful reading. YVOR WINTERS.

The Plutocratic Republic

The American Heresy, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 324 pages. $3.50.

THE JACKET of this curious work prints the judgment of Mr. G. K. Chesterton that it is "the wittiest and wisest book that has appeared for some time past." If Mr. Chesterton really thinks so, it must be because of Mr. Hollis's pietistic bias and his almost Chestertonian talent for obscuring truth in the mists of paradox. "An Englishman may feel proud that, in 1776, his ancestors rose up against this American tyranny and freed their country from it forever in 1783." "These first builders of independent America were in many ways five hundred years behind their times. It was greatly to their credit." As another Englishman has remarked, the truth is rarely pure and never simple. There may be no great harm in obscuring it a little further if the paradoxes themselves are brilliant enough. Mr. Hollis's are hardly that.

This writer's familiarity with American politics may be illustrated by his habitual use of "Congress" when he means the House of Representatives, and the measure of his grasp on historical method may be taken by his assertion that the American Revolution might never have come off had not Patrick Henry waxed rhetorical. Mr. Hollis offers neither history nor biography, but a chatty sort of journalism, thoroughly readable, cocksure, well salted with realistic anecdotes, some of which are doubtless true, and rather too smartly peppered with uncharitable estimates of character and motive, such as the closing sentence of the essay on Jefferson, "It is a pity that he was such a prig," or the assurance that John Adams was "a little fellow, with the soul of a self-important town-councillor," or the imputation that Tom Paine came to these shores in order to "make a living out of the Americans by inventing for them noble reasons for doing whatever they might wish to do."

The title of the book covers, and somewhat loosely binds together, four essays on Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln and Wilson. There is no bibliography, and footnotes citing authority for the author's statements average one to about ten pages of text. Mr. Hollis appears to think his thesis that democracy has declined in the Republic a novel one,

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but to such Americans as are still politically minded this announcement from England that their country is now unmistakably a Hamiltonian rather than a Jeffersonian state will not come exactly as news. That Mr. Hollis has read widely in the literature of his subject is not apparent, though it is clear that he has enjoyed writing his book. I hope his publishers have sent marked copies to Big Bill Thompson and Ruth Hanna McCormick.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

No More Magic

Vocational Psychology and Character Analysis, by Harry L. Hollingworth. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 409 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR Hollingworth offers a new edition of "Vocational Psychology," an elementary text for courses in Mental Measurement, Vocational and Industrial Psychology and Applied Psychology. The author attempts to synthesize these viewpoints, saying, "if vocational and character diagnosis were in their maturity, these various questions would resolve themselves into a single problem."

"Vocational psychology," says Professor Hollingworth, "hinges on the fact that human beings are neither free, equal nor alike," and he advocates that simpler vocations be consistently recruited from lower ranges of intelligence—e. g., girls of a mental age of seven and a half can pack powder puffs. He would employ a few superior persons in each trade, however, citing the case of a bricklayer who revolutionized methods in use since early Egypt. He evaluates statistically all existing methods of selecting employees and vocations, and most favors the "sample" and "empirical" tests for the former and all-round psychological tests for the latter. There are amusing historical chapters on "vocational magic" and one on contemporary magic—phrenology, physiognomical systems, graphology. Certain individuals can diagnose by physiognomy and graphology, but none can explain a method which checks up.

Due to the puritan assumption of the relative unreality and invalidity of emotional motivation, the author slights the Adlerian hypothesis of the striving for superiority as a factor in vocational success. He quotes Jung, but omits mention of the introvert-extrovert tests in use in many big firms, indispensable in eliminating the introverts from the sales force.

With the same intention of fairness as the feminist agitation to abrogate special protection for women in industry, the chapter on women arrives at the same pragmatic unfairness. Figures show that aptitudes are distributed without regard to sex, but the fact that there is one function men cannot, as Brander Matthews said, conceivably take over, knocks out the whole calculation. Professor Hollingworth allows six years out for each child—suppose two years were enough, still the gradual dulling of ambition from postponement or interruption and the loss of the fine edge of technique must set a woman back in any difficult career. Sterility is no answer—the barren womb is a cold, heavy cross; though it may be impetus, it is also burden. Women as women are vocationally handicapped. Let us admit it and start from there.

The book has an excellently articulated skeleton and is easy to use; it is an excellent debunking encyclopedia of vocational practice, and a valuable corrective for the drunken promises and pseudo-mysteries of the false prophets.

FLORENCE BECKER.

A Spotlight on Injunctions

The Labor Injunction, by Felix Frankfurter and Nathan Greene. New York: The Macmillan Company. 343 pages. $5.

THIS is a book of unusual character and value—a scholarly but interesting discussion of a legal issue of vital and imminent importance. "Government by injunction" has been since 1895 a phrase which signified rushing up political artillery to shell a field of economic conflict. In the current decade of Volsteadism the same political batteries have hurled steel and flame into a new battlefield of social forces. As a result, an understanding of the bitter hostility of organized labor to the injunctive method of law-making and law-enforcement has spread through large sections of "earnest thinkers" who had been for a long time notably unsympathetic with the anguished protests of the wage-earners against bombardment by supposedly neutral forces.

It is indeed surprising to note that "The Labor Injunction" is practically a pioneer volume in its isolation of this recently developed legal institution. It is the judicial method to present novelties in judge-made law, and innovations in the legal machinery, as merely fruit of old trees. The crossing and grafting of legal principles may produce hybrids, bearing fruits far from palatable—and often poisonous. Yet if the stock has a noble lineage of precedents it is assumed that the output must have a wholesomeness attested by centuries of social usage. Thus the hybrid and unwholesome qualities of the labor injunction are not always obvious in the cases in which "government by injunction" has been developed. They are revealed with surprising clarity in this scientific analysis by Professor Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School and his able associate Mr. Nathan Greene.

Unquestionably this book will have a wide influence upon the evolutionary use of injunctive power in labor controversies and other social and economic conflicts. Since its publication, in traveling, literally "from Maine to California," to handle injunction cases involving industrial and political issues, I have been surprised to observe the immediate and enthusiastic welcome given to the book by judges, lawyers and editors. Considering the labor injunction as an artificial but animate product, the quick popularity of the Frankfurter-Greene study of its "life and labors" is readily understood and justified. The authors have not only contrived to lay bare the anatomy of this judicial creation and the workings of its nervous system, but they have also provided a behavioristic analysis of its motivation that is both educative and entertaining.

Here is no pedantic compilation of cases, with unilluminated quotations from lusterless opinions of the courts. In a most convincing manner the authors support the "gathering opinion," expressed in the language of Mr. Justice Brandeis, that the labor injunction is not ordinarily sought to protect property "but to endow property with active, militant power which would make it dominant over men."

The title of the first chapter, "The Allowable Area of Conflict," gives appropriate promise of the underlying purpose of the book, which is to gain that full understanding of this legal institution which is necessary in order "to determine whether the labor injunction in action represents a desirable social policy." To anyone who, with a mind really free from "class consciousness," has gained this "full understanding," the conclusions of the authors must have

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a strong appeal. They point out that in labor law the "governing rules of conduct are essentially not legislative formulations; largely they are judge-made law."

Yet these are the "rules by which employers and employees must be guided in their competition with each other for their respective shares in the goods of the world and in their much more subtle rivalry for power in the conduct of industry." To anyone of democratic faith the conclusion is irresistible that

> Legislatures must decide whether such rules conform to prevailing conceptions of public policy or, if these demand a change of rules, the desirable extent of such change within constitutional limits.

In consequence of this conviction of the necessity for legislative action, the book concludes with a careful exposition and justification of the bill now pending in Congress, which was drafted by a sub-committee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary for the purpose of regulating the issuance and enforcement of injunctions in the federal courts.

This bill would give official sanction to a well grounded public policy. "Many courts, including the Supreme Court itself, have repeatedly given it judicial benediction. The need for legislative assertion arises, as we have seen, from the fact that in action the courts have honored this policy more in the breach than in the observance." Thus the Senate bill seeks to shape the labor injunction into a certain conformity with a stable and enlightened public opinion, in substitution for its present uncertain conformity with the varying opinions of judges, who all too frequently merely rationalize their prejudices.

This trenchant volume by Frankfurter and Greene will exert a cumulative influence in strengthening and enforcing this enlightened public opinion. Its purpose—to create a full understanding of the uses and abuses of the labor injunction, within and outside the legal profession—has been wisely conceived and admirably fulfilled.

DONALD R. RICHBERG.

Sound and Fury

The Fabulous Forrest, by Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 369 pages. $4.

MONTROSE J. MOSES is an authority on the stage in America. His book on Edwin Forrest has more inherent worth than many biographies which have hastily been written to satisfy the present hungry demand. The author, however, yields cheerfully to the modern convention that one should not too much admire the hero of one's book. Very often his attitude toward Forrest is one of extreme irritation.

It is remarkable that Edwin Forrest should have overcome his initial handicap of having been born in Philadelphia of a Scottish father and a German mother. He had very little schooling and to the last was handicapped by the "ordinary quick-fire temper of the street gamin." His stage career began on the frontier with a tour down the Mississippi similar to that of Mark Twain's barnstorming King and Duke, but Forrest saw no humor in the trip. In New Orleans he challenged one of the company to a duel.

Although Forrest's magnificent voice and physique brought him an early success, it was not one which enabled him to grow as a personality. He had had no association with people of culture: two generations before, Garrick had been scorned in London literary circles as merely a player. America still viewed the stage with an odd mixture of aristocratic disdain and Puritan prejudice. Forrest naturally thought well of himself, for every night he was applauded and fêted, but he had a great need of external stimulus.

Mr. Moses gives this rather caustic summary of Forrest's mentality: "Even to himself he posed; his heart might bleed—as it had just cause to do—but he could only cry out in phrases proper to the time. His poetry was cheap and tawdry imitation. He attitudinized in soul as well as in body."

Forrest has been credited with an attempt to create an American drama, because of his widely advertised prize competitions. Mr. Moses, however, alleges that his standards were purely personal. He wanted the forensic pose. Theme and treatment were subordinated to the demands of what Charles T. Compton called his "mastodonous muscularity." Forrest's pampered histrionic jealousy marred all his social life. His treatment of authors was one of the worst blots upon his character.

Mr. Moses shows that the personal tragedy which overtook his hero was implicit in his jealous and exacting nature. He does not hold Forrest responsible for the Astor Place riots, but shows that there was a pettiness both in him and in Macready which made hostility inevitable. It was Forrest's misfortune that he was thrust into the place of champion for the flamboyant spread-eaglism of the masses, and that through his unwitting agency American resentment of British superciliousness burst into flame. Toward the end of his career even Walt Whitman protested against the inherent vulgarity of his manner, but he remained through life the hero of the "Bowery Bhoys."

JOE GOULD.

Introverts and Extroverts

Three Strange Lovers, by V. F. Calverton, with an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

Frankie and Johnnie, by Meyer Levin. New York: John Day. $2.

IN THESE two books Mr. Calverton and Mr. Levin approach the theme of love from two very different angles indeed. Mr. Calverton's approach is so unusual that it has been found necessary to have an outside party write an introduction, which explains that Mr. Calverton is a psychologist of distinction, a fine creative artist in the European tradition, that "Three Strange Lovers" has reduced strong men like Havelock Ellis and Sherwood Anderson to a state of delighted admiration, that the author "dreams himself into his picture with quiet steadiness," that these three stories deal with what Baron Ernest Seillière calls the romantic imperialism of sex, that they are "faultlessly successful," and, finally, I regret to state, that Mr. Calverton's idealism occasionally takes the form of complete solipsism.

A certain amount of solipsism is to be detected in the very first story. A man kills his mistress because, having achieved perfection, he does not want perfection to be spoiled by a less glorious aftermath. When the psychiatrists ask him, "Why did you kill her?" he answers, "Because I loved her"—a statement curiously reminiscent of that well known solipsist, Beatrice Lillie. The story is told in the first person by the murderer, and Mr. Calverton obviously sympathizes with him. In the other two tales,

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a mathematician develops a bad case of sexual imperialism and a priest falls madly in love with a woman who comes to him in confessional and tells him all her slips from virtue. This last is extremely well written; the growth of the man's passion, his struggle against it, his final surrender and the subsequent revulsion that causes him to kill the girl are convincing in spite of their melodrama. Mr. Calverton has both emotional and intellectual force, but for the most part the former is so predominant and disordered as to make his attitude almost insane. Writers today seem to fall into general groups: those who have power and insight but have been warped into neuroses, and those who are well balanced but have no great vitality.

Mr. Levin fits into the latter class as snugly as Mr. Calverton into the former. "Frankie and Johnnie" is a healthy, unpretentious account of a youthful love affair in a crowded city. The principals hold hands at the movies, park in automobiles, go to dance halls and have a pretty good, if inarticulate, time. Eventually they break up, but there isn't any murder in the offing. High-school emotion may not be as weighty a subject as romantic imperialism, but Mr. Levin's portrayal is skillful and unexaggerated, neither sentimental nor hard-boiled.

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ROGUE WALPOLE'S latest literary offense has for its hero one Francis Herries, a swaggering, robust, roistering fellow whose wife loves him with a mad, silent and completely unrequited affection, who sells his mistress in a public tavern to the highest bidder, who drinks like a fish and gives way to outbursts of fearful temper on the slightest provocation, but who has a nobler side to his nature which is exemplified (1) by his taking a drowned witch out of a pond, presumably to give her decent burial, and (2) by the fact that he dreams of a snow-white charger and an icy cliff. In case this seems a trifle obscure, let us listen to Mr. Walpole's very words:

> He had once dreamed a dream. . . . Staring into the stars he had beheld a vision. He was in a region of vast, peaked, icy mountains. Their fierce and lonely purity, as silver-pointed they broke the dark sky, caused him to cry out with wonder: the sky was dark, the mountains glittering white, they ringed round a small mere or tarn, black as steel in shadow. . . . There was absolute silence in this world. Then as he looked he saw a great horse, glorious beyond any ever beheld by man, come, tossing his great white mane, to the edge of the mere. He hesitated, lifting his noble head as though listening, then plunged in. He swam superbly, tossing his mane, and Francis could see silver drops glistening in the icy air. He swam to the farther edge; and then Francis was seized with an agonizing terror lest he should not be able to climb out of the mere, up the icy sides of the cliff that ran sheer into the water. That moment of suspense was fearful and compounded of a great love for the splendid horse, a great tenderness, a great reverence and an anguish of apprehension. . . . Then, tossing his mane once more, the beautiful horse mounted out of the mere, strode superbly across the ice and vanished. Then, again, there was great loneliness.

Is this the effect of James Branch Cabell on Mr. Walpole? Consider how horrible the actual writing is. Almost every phrase is a cliché: "dreamed a dream," "beheld a vision," "fierce and lonely purity," "cry out with wonder" and so on. And look at the adjectives: "noble," "splendid," "great"—the latter appears five or six times in as many sentences. Mr. Walpole might at least curl up before the fire with a dictionary some afternoon, and treat us to a horse that wouldn't be so limited as both to swim "superbly" and stride "superbly" all in the same five minutes. This passage, ridiculous as it is, is by no means the only example of bad style in the book. "Rogue Herries" as a whole is affected, self-consciously and unconvincingly colorful, full of repetition, choppy and pretentious.

Flood, by Robert Neumann. Translated from the German by William A. Drake. New York: Covici-Friede. $3.

IN A GENERAL way Mr. Neumann's book is in the post-war, futile, chaotic, neurotic tradition of Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," but it is so unrelievedly horrible that it is impossible to take it seriously. The characters are largely selected from the lowest, most repulsive dregs of society: whores, pimps, perverts, profiteers, beggars and just plain idiots. It isn't too easy to tell an idiot from anyone else in this book; everyone is more or less insane. No plan or unity is discernible in Mr. Neumann's writing; he has spewed forth all the unpleasant things he knows and the result is a torrent of characters and incidents that has a superficial power, but leaves no permanent impression. No one of the dozens of characters ever resolves himself into a human being, except when, as in the scene between Johannes Abel and the impoverished aristocrats, there is a passage in which people appear once, and after that never again. The reason is that Mr. Neumann can give good realistic literary snapshots, but lacks the discipline necessary for the portrayal of character development. Almost five hundred pages of the high lights in the lives of low-lifes leave one with the feeling that one has been attending a particularly long and sensational peep-show.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

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